# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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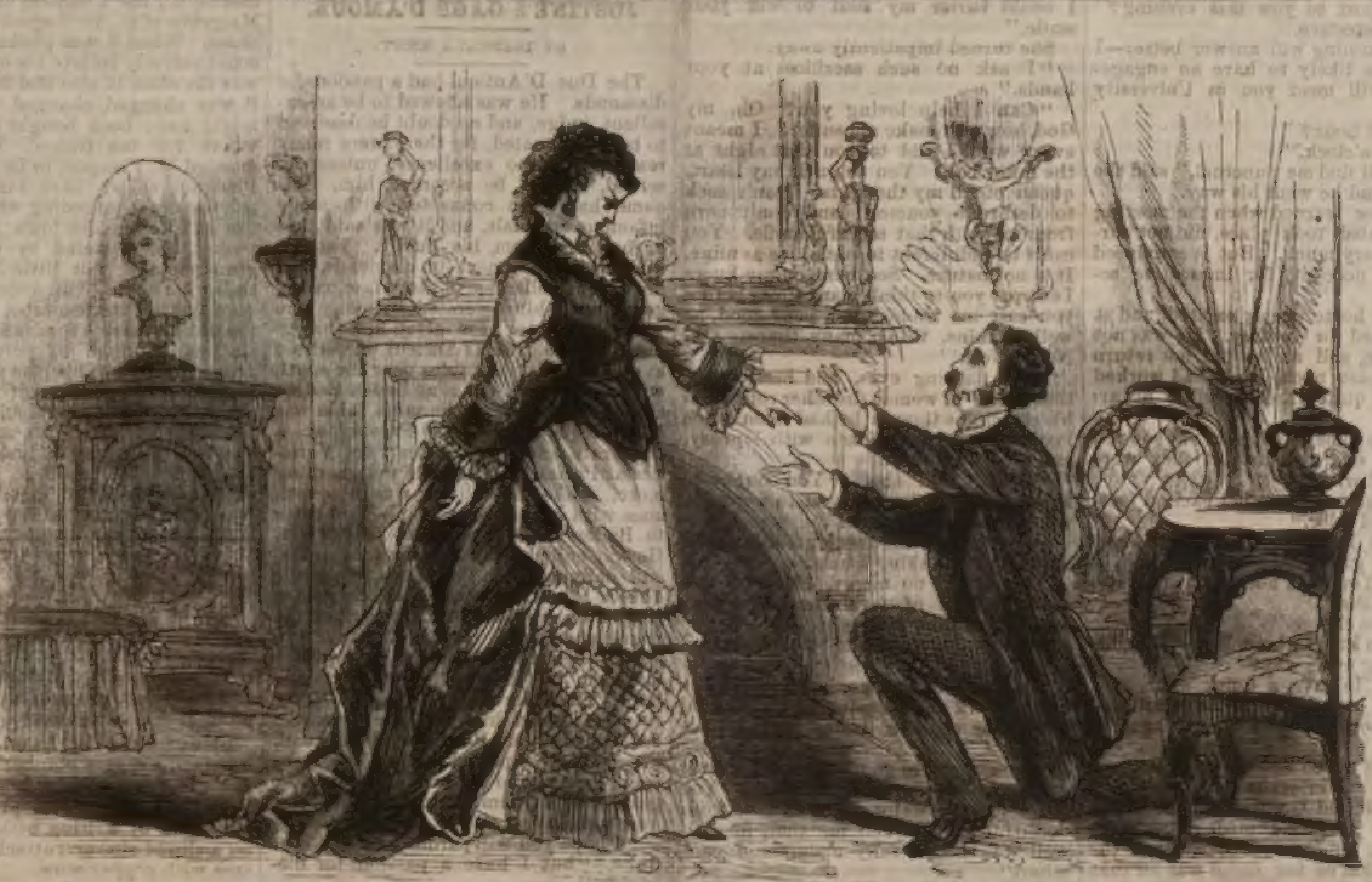

“Rise,” said she. “You ought to know better than to kneel to a woman whom you have insulted!”

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY F. WILSON.

Beside the toilsome way,
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Whispering softly, “Wait!”

“Patience!” she sweetly saith—
“The Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance—wait!”

Angel, behold, I wait!
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours,
Wait till the hand shall ope th' eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

# For True Love's Sake!

OR,

# The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of “The Ebony Casket,” Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A BITTER HOUR.

Major Douglas Vaughn sat in his private study, the next morning, too weary and listless after the night's dissipation to turn his steps in the direction of Wall street, though it was long past his usual hour for going to the bank.

Lying lazily among the cushions of a crimson velvet easy-chair, he was thinking his own peculiar thoughts—thoughts, mayhap, such as might better never have come to him, for Nora Verlorme, this charming young woman whom he had met twice only, during the whole course of his life, was the Alpha and Omega of them all.

“How beautiful, true, and tender she seems,” he murmured. “I believe I could trust such a woman, confide in her utterly, and, after a little, give her such blind devotion as was never asked or offered before.”

And so he could have done, for this grave, quiet man, who had reached the middle age without more than a transient touch of the mad passion, had within his bosom a perfect volcano of passion, which might some day sweep all before it with a resistless force.

Presently the bell rang, and a servant brought in a letter upon a silver salver.

It was addressed in a bold, running hand. The banker took it, and turned it over in some surprise. His business communications always came to the office in Wall street.

The contents of the letter, which he opened and read immediately, were well calculated to distress and disturb him. His face lost its color, and a repressed groan burst from him as he perused it to the signature, and then turned back to reread it from the beginning.

That letter consisted of the following words:

> I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully by you, Major Vaughn, as becomes a man in my peculiar calling. Not a word of that interview we held in your private office, a few days since, has gone from my memory. Perhaps, unwillingly, you gave me a clue, which I have followed up with tireless patience and caution. If unpleasant developments have arisen from it, you will bear me out in saying the fault is not mine—I could not control circumstances.
>
> If you wish to unmask the thief, who is so persistently robbing you, it will not be necessary to look further than among the members of your own household—the *lady* members. I can say no more. It rests wholly with yourself whether this matter shall be dropped now and forever, or followed to the bitter end. You can address me by letter, at Station D, if so disposed.
>
> Yours truly, DAVID DREW.

It is not strange that this letter agitated and distressed Major Vaughn beyond measure. Something dark and dreadful, that almost stilled the beating of his heart, was boldly insinuated. What did—what could the detective mean?

If one of the servants were the party against whom suspicion seemed to point so plainly, David Drew would have said so in plain words, instead of resorting to that most tantalizing of all methods of avoiding the out-spoken truth, dealing in insinuations.

God help him! The circle through which he had to search, when the servants were excluded, was a very narrow one indeed, including only his two nieces, Rose Carrington and Janet Conway.

How could he think evil of those young and beautiful girls? How could he? They seemed so pure, so good, so beautiful! It wrung his heart, as it had never been wrung before, to be compelled to distrust them. And yet the detective's not very ambiguous letter pointed plainly to one or the other of them.

Must there not be some mistake? Had he not read the letter incorrectly? For the third time he turned back and went over it from the beginning, a groan of agony bursting from his lips when he reached the last line again.

He was about to crush the letter in his hand, when some words, hastily added on the reverse side of the sheet, caught his eye. Spreading it open again, he read as follows:

> Perhaps I ought to tell you there is collusion with one of your clerks—the particular one I decline to designate. But a lady benefits by the robberies—the clerk is only her tool. It was a lady who furnished him with false keys, by means of which he was enabled to abstract the money from your safe. How she obtained possession of them you can, perhaps, judge better than myself. D. D.

The cold sweat stood in great drops upon the banker's forehead. In what a dreadful light this letter seemed to present the robberies. The whole miserable affair was without a parallel. It looked so like the work of a cool, calculating villain.

In the bitter anguish of the moment, he lost sight of some facts that he might better have remembered. He forgot to think it strange that David Drew should have written to him, instead of seeking a personal interview—that a reply was to be directed to Station D, and not to the police headquarters—that the detective should have unearthed facts of such importance in so short a time, and with so little stir or bustle about it.

Not for one moment did he call the detective's veracity in question. He buried his head in his clasped hands, and little by little damning bits of evidence, little things to which he had not given a second thought at the time, came up to corroborate David Drew's suspicions. He remembered things that had been said and done, very trivial of themselves, but now dreadfully augmented by the poison of distrust—of waking one night, months ago, with a racking headache, and a bewildered impression that the air of the room was heavy with stale chloroform—of missing his watchguard, to which was suspended a tiny golden key that opened a certain drawer in his safe, and afterwards finding it in the drawing-room, though he had not been there for hours—of missing small amounts from the desk in his study at times when only Rose or Janet were likely to have access to it.

Which was the culprit? Rose had come to him one year before, from the South, at the death of her father, a Southern planter. She was worth quite a handsome fortune, or at least supposed to be. What possible excuse could she have for mixing herself up in this affair?

Janet had been with him longer yet. She, too, was an orphan, but a portionless one. It had been an act of charity, as well as kindness, when Major Vaughn opened his door to her and bade her welcome.

“Oh, my God,” he groaned, now, in anguish of spirit. “The poor, motherless girl! My heart bleeds for her. May heaven forgive me if I have, either through neglect or thoughtlessness, put temptation in her way. May heaven forgive me, I can never forgive myself.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A WOMAN'S WILES.

After a long hour of the most intense mental suffering, the banker rose and staggered to the mother-of-pearl desk that stood upon a green baize table between the windows, and hastily penned a note to David Drew.

“This whole wretched affair must be dropped where it is,” he said in the brief note he indited, “and we will try to forget every circumstance pertaining to it.”

Enclosing a check of considerable amount, he signed and sealed this note, rung for a servant, and at once sent it away.

Two hours later, a gaunt, yellow-haired, yellow-eyed woman was reading it in a curious little den in Cherry street, and chuckling maliciously to herself as she did so.

The banker, all unconscious of what was transpiring in that far away den, fell to pacing the floor with uneven steps, for awhile, and then, utterly unable to suffer the affair to rest in this condition, he quitted his study for the drawing-room, and sent a messenger for Janet Conway.

She came almost instantly, with a smile upon her lips, and an eager, loving light in her eyes that made it trebly hard for Major Vaughn to go on with his self-imposed task.

“Sit down, Janet,” he said, in a low, grave voice. “I wish to speak with you.”

Something in his tone and manner caused her to glance anxiously into his face. Her own clouded over instantly, as she did so.

“My dear uncle,” she exclaimed, “what is the matter? Are you ill?”

“No; but something has occurred to distress me very deeply.”

She came nearer to him at that, winding her arms lovingly about his neck.

“I am sorry, so very sorry.”

“Shall I tell you what it is?” he asked, shrinking a little, in spite of himself, from her caresses.

“Oh, yes. Perhaps I can do something to help you. I hope I can, you have been so very, very kind to me.”

“You think I *have* been kind, Janet—all you could ask or expect of me?”

“A thousand times more than I could ask or expect,” was the earnest reply.

“I'm glad of that,” and he drew a deep breath, as of relief.

“You frighten me!” cried Janet, in real alarm. “Pray tell me at once what has happened?”

“I have been robbed!”

She started and changed color, but her eyes did not fall before his stern gaze.

“How very dreadful! I hope you have not lost any considerable amount,” she said, rather faintly.

“It isn't the loss of the money that causes me the slightest distress, Janet. But some very dreadful revelations have been made by the detective officer whom I employed to investigate the affair.”

“Dreadful revelations?” she echoed, with her eyes turned away from him.

“Yes. Here is a letter I received from him this morning. I would be glad to have you read it.”

He smoothed out the creases with hands that trembled in spite of every effort at self-control, and laid it before her.

Janet took it, and read it through to the end, then read the postscript upon the reverse page. Her face was like marble when she looked up again, pale and terribly excited.

“This investigation must be stopped, Uncle Douglas,” she cried, in a sharp, unnatural voice. “For God's sake send word to the man, and do not suffer it to proceed a step further!”

“I have already done so.”

“Thank heaven!”

She sank pale and breathless into a seat, with her pretty slender hands clasped over her heart. And yet there was an expression of unmistakable relief upon her face.

“Janet,” said the banker, sternly, after a pause, “will you not tell me why you are so distressed at what I have said?”

A quick shudder ran all over her.

“Because—because—such things seem so shocking.” She started up, suddenly, with a burst of passionate sobs. “We have all been so happy here! Oh, my God, it will kill me, if misery and disgrace come upon us now!”

“One can only be disgraced by their own actions, my poor Janet.”

She did not seem to hear him. She sat with her large eyes, dilated with fear, raised to his face. She seemed to be revolving some question in her own mind.

“You are sure, quite sure, that nothing more will be done?” she cried out, sharply, at last.

“Yes; my note will stop the investigation.”

“And there will be no scandal—no public exposure?”

“None. Why should there be?”

A ghastly smile flickered over her lips. “I am glad—so glad of that!”

Major Vaughn came toward her, and, leaning down suddenly, clasped her hand closely in his own.

“My poor girl,” he said, gently, “I wish you would make a clean breast of it. There is something weighing upon your mind. Perhaps you know something concerning these robberies?”

He was determined to give her every chance to confess her guilt. But she shrank away from him with a gesture of alarm.

“No! no! no!” she cried, sharply. “How should I know aught of the robberies? Oh, my God, how very wretched I am!”

“Pray tell me your trouble,” he entreated. “I am sure I can comfort you. I *know* I can forgive any wrong you may have done me.”

“Wrong?” she echoed, in a dreamy voice, as if trying to understand his meaning.

“Yes; I thought there might be some wrong mixed up in this miserable business.”

Again her eyes swept up to his, and her lips parted, but, for some seconds, she said not a word.

“Oh, if I *could* tell you—if I only dared tell you!” she burst out, suddenly.

Then, as if the scene was growing insupportable, she rushed out of the room.

The banker glanced after her with a heavy sigh.

“She was almost driven to confession,” he thought. “My poor, misguided darling! I have loved her like an own daughter. She ought to know how readily I would forgive her. Good heavens! that such a blow should have fallen upon me! I would sooner have sacrificed half my fortune.”

With slow and reluctant steps he quitted the drawing-room, and went back to his study again.

He had scarcely gone, when one of the silken curtains that hung in voluminous folds at the long, low windows, was swept aside by a white, jeweled hand, and Rose Carrington stepped from behind it.

Her face was a study at that moment. It looked like the face of a Messalina. The lovely brows were distorted, the eyes underneath those long, curling lashes blazed with a lurid splendor, and a mocking, treacherous, vindictive smile curved the red lips.

“It is well I had the opportunity to play eavesdropper at that interview,” she muttered. “It is very well, for me. Thank you, Janet Conway—for nothing!”

At this instant a quick step crossed the hall, the door opened, and a servant ushered in Eugene Lennox.

For a moment Rose was taken at a disadvantage. She had not heard the bell ring. She was not aware that her lover was in the house. She turned away her face, gasped sharply for breath once or twice, then was herself again.

“Eugene!” she exclaimed, in a startled voice.

The young man advanced. He looked pale and grave. At the first glimpse she had of his face Rose guessed the nature of the errand upon which he had come.

But she was not a person to be kept long at a disadvantage.

“Sit down, Eugene,” she said, sweetly, sinking upon the velvet fauteuil, and making room for him at her side. “You quite startled me, coming in so abruptly. But, of course, I am very glad to see you.”

For once her ravishing smiles and well-chosen words seemed to have no effect upon him.

“Can you not guess why I am here?” he said, gravely.

“You came to see me, I suppose,” she returned, giving him an arch glance.

“I came for a more satisfactory explanation than I have had, as yet, of the scene in the conservatory last night.”

“At Mrs. Graham's?” elevating her lovely brows. “You foolish old tyrant! Are you still jealous of poor Mr. Dane?”

“No; I cannot say that I am jealous of him.”

“What then? I thought you understood how we happened to meet at that particular place,” she said, with an air of the most charming frankness. “Must I tell you more about that note? I am quite willing. I went to the fancy ball as Titania, you know. Mr. Dane saw me *en masque*. Truth to tell, I flirted with him a little. It was great fun, for I knew he did not recognize me. Presently, while I was dancing with some one else, he came up and slipped a note into my hand. It was a request to meet him in the conservatory. I went. Of course, that was very wrong. But I was foolish enough to wish to see what a goose he would make of himself. I did not dream of being taken to task for my folly.”

Mr. Lennox's eyes were upon her face. He was thinking how surpassingly beautiful she was. It had been this very perfection of form and feature, this blending of the lily and rose in her complexion, that had first attracted his attention. He now saw his error in being won by a charming face.

“Who would believe that one so lovely was false and treacherous to the heart's core?” he said to himself, in anguish of spirit.

And yet, in spite of himself, he was beginning to think of Rose in this light. It was no sudden decision, either. For days and weeks he had been watching her, and one damning bit of evidence after another had accumulated, to convince him that Rose was playing a treacherous game with him—that she had betrothed herself to him, while every beat of her heart was for another.

That scene at the fancy ball had only brought matters to a crisis a little sooner than might have been the case under other circumstances.

With all Rose's well-simulated candor, he did not fully credit the account she had given him. He had witnessed too many little scenes between her and Roland Dane not to be convinced that the gentleman had known, quite as well as the lady, with whom he was flirting.

Now, turning away his face, he said, coldly:

“Enough of that. I see it is useless to discuss the affair of last night with you. We will let it drop.”

“With all my heart,” she returned, showing considerable spirit.

‘But there is something else that ought to be discussed between us, Rose. I have seen for a long time that you did not love me. Perhaps it is not your fault. I do not say it is. But I want no unwilling bride.”

Rose's face grew ghastly, and then an angry red surged up to her forehead.

“What do you mean?” she demanded. “Do you want to cast me off, that you may fling yourself at Janet's feet without any hindrance?”

He drew himself up with dignity.

“Miss Conway has no need to console herself with other women's lovers.”

“No,” said Rose, tartly; “but she would not object to being consoled by mine.”

“Hush!” He looked very angry—so angry, that Rose saw at a glance she had better desist. “I will not hear you speak of that good, pure woman, so lightly. Her name need not be dragged into this affair at all.”

“Forgive me,” sobbed Rose. “I was vexed. I had no right to speak in that manner.”

“No; you had no right,” he returned. “Now look up, and let us discuss this matter calmly. Are you tired of our engagement? Do you wish to be freed from it?”

“No! no! no!” she cried, wildly. “You shall not give me up! I will not bear it! Oh, Eugene, pity me! Do not be too hard! Remember, I am only a foolish, giddy girl!”

It was very pretty acting. When she flung up her prettily-rounded arms, with her face all pale and tear stained, and her eyes full of loving entreaty, the man's heart melted within him. He felt that he had been a brute, while Rose was a poor, misused angel.

“You do love me, then?” he cried, bending over her.

“Of course I love you.”

She put up her lips and kissed him passionately.

“I was afraid you cared more for Roland Dane——”

“I shall *hate* Roland Dane if he makes trouble between you and me!” she interrupted.

Then she hid her head upon his breast, with a little thrill of triumph at her own power. Eugene was rich, and Roland poor. But for that fact, the scene would have had a very different ending.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BANKER'S WOOING.

When a great trouble falls upon a man, the most natural thing in the world is for him to seek sympathy and relief.

It is not surprising, then, that in the midst of his grief at the supposed discovery of Janet's crime, Major Vaughn's thoughts should soon centre themselves longingly upon Nora Verlorme, or that he should order out his carriage and drive to the address upon the Harlem road which she had given him.

“I will try to forget everything disagreeable for a little while, in Miss Verlorme's society,” he thought. “She, at least, will not turn to sting my heart, as Janet has done.”

He found the place easily enough—a pretty, villa-like cottage, situated in the midst of neatly-kept, though not extensive grounds.

Miss Verlorme received him with a graciousness quite flattering to the banker's self-esteem.

She wore a cashmere morning-robe of a pale, lavender tint, wondrously becoming to her clear complexion. A plain linen band was clasped at the throat by a pearl brooch, and other bands contrasted with the pearly whiteness of her wrists.

To Major Vaughn she had never looked half so lovely as she did in this simple toilette. There was something about it so fresh, so unassuming. It gave an air of cosiness and comfort to all her surroundings.

The room in which she received him seemed a marvel of taste and elegance. The windows were draped with embroidered lace; and from the cornices swung gilded cages, in which beautifully plumaged birds chattered and sung; roses and violets, in quaint porcelain pots, were placed here and there on ornamented stands; old Venetian glass glittered and sparkled from many a gilded bracket on the walls: and on the air floated the soft, sweet, subtle perfume of a bouquet of heliotrope, artistically arranged upon a Japanese stand by the window.

Nora held out her hand to the banker, with a very bright smile.

“I am glad to see you,” she said. “It was very kind of you to seek me so soon.”

His face flushed a little.

“I was afraid you would be annoyed, Miss Verlorme, and think me troublesome, or a bore.”

"Oh, I could never think that of you, Major Vaughn. You ought to know me better. I have not friends in such abundance as to grow weary of them."

She said this in a rather sad tone, and heaved a gentle sigh.

"But you are winning them very rapidly," said the banker. "You will soon be surfeited with admirers. Then, perhaps, I shall be a shade less welcome."

"I never desert the old for the new. You need have no fear."

"But *I* am one of your new friends."

She burst into a little silvery laugh.

"Not when compared with the people I met last night. You are the first friend I made in New York."

"I am glad of that."

And he did look very glad, indeed.

Casting his eyes round the room, he said, after a pause:

"You ought to be a very happy woman, my dear. Young, beautiful, talented, wealthy——"

"Do not judge of my wealth by what you see about you," she interrupted, quickly. "If you do, you will form a false estimate of it. Though living like a princess, I am, in fact, very poor."

"Poor!" he echoed.

"Yes; nearly all my money is invested in the elegant trifles you see around you. I hire a suit of rooms of Mrs. Churchill, who owns the house, and furnish them myself. If I have gratified a too luxurious taste in purchasing these trifles, it concerns no one but myself."

Major Vaughn liked her all the better for this charming, outspoken frankness. Above all things he hated deceit and duplicity in a woman. So drawing the chair he had taken somewhat nearer, he said:

"Pardon me for seeming inquisitive. I think you cannot doubt the reality of the interest I take in you. You seem quite alone in the world. Is it so?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice, "I am alone. No father, no mother, no near relatives of any sort. If I were to die to-morrow, there would be nobody to weep for me."

She said this with an air of sorrowful bitterness, terrible to witness in one so young.

"Don't speak in that way," exclaimed the banker, warmly. "Nobody who has once seen and spoken with you could ever afterwards be indifferent."

"It is my experience that the majority of mankind have very short memories."

"Let me prove the exception," he cried, eagerly, taking one of her slender hands, and holding it closely in his own. "I would like so much to be your faithful friend as long as I live."

"Would you?" she said, smiling upon him most winningly. "I shall not reject your friendship, be sure. Indeed, it is very precious to me."

"You have made me very happy, Miss Verlorme."

Stooping suddenly, he impressed a kiss upon those taper fingers.

Nora's fair face grew crimson with blushes. But it was shame that called up the roseate hue.

She despised herself for the part she was playing, for leading on this generous-hearted, unsuspecting man, by such arts. Withdrawing her hand, and rising hastily, she walked over to a small cabinet piano that stood in one corner of the apartment.

"Shall I play for you, Major Vaughn?"

Of course, he bowed assent, though he would a thousand times sooner have kept her by his side and talked on in the same dangerous strain she had broken off so abruptly.

But Nora was too wise to let him become too familiar at this first interview. Besides, her conscience pricked her a little—for this pretty, clever woman had a conscience, and a very sensitive one.

But she made herself very sweet and charming, however, and when, at last, the banker rose to go, which he did after two long hours passed in her society, she gave him her hand at parting, saying, with an air of innocent candor:

"I have enjoyed this call very much, indeed. Come often, will you not, and so brighten my loneliness?"

Major Vaughn scarcely needed to be asked. He had gone one time too many for his own peace of mind already, and would have found it a difficult task, indeed, to keep away.

Every day thereafter, for a week, his elegant barouche drew up before Mrs. Churchill's gate, and he sought the society of the charming young authoress. They dawdled away long hours in that exquisite little parlor, or went wandering about the garden walks with the enamored air of very young lovers.

A great many presents and little messages came for Nora during this time—either a bouquet of hot-house flowers, or a gold bracelet, or a volume of poems, which Major Vaughn entreated her to accept with his best wishes.

Nora was a discreet little body, and played her cards cleverly. She knew just how far to lead him on, and when to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." So the poor gentleman was kept in hot water all the while, through fear of offending or forfeiting her esteem.

She had fully made up her mind to marry him. He was wealthy and well-born. Such another alliance might not offer itself in a lifetime. For all her well-simulated prudishness, at times, she had not the slightest intention to suffer him to slip through her fingers.

Besides, there were many other motives to urge her on. One of these was revenge. The old wound still rankled, and she longed to show Godfrey Vaughn that she was not a person to be cast off with contempt.

It would be a sweet revenge indeed to marry his uncle, and thus cut him out of the inheritance upon which he had always counted! A master stroke worthy of a more unprincipled schemer than was Nora Verlorme!

"I will do it," she said, to herself, one day, with a flash of her velvety eyes. "I can reign in that up-town mansion, queen over Godfrey, as well as the rest, and I'll do it, too!"

## CHAPTER X.

### THE OLD LOVE.

There was one person, who more than half suspected those stolen interviews that took place in the cottage on the Harlem road.

Rose Carrington always kept her eyes and ears open. She was not slow to observe a change in the banker's mood. He seemed feverish and restless when in the house, and would start and color up like a schoolboy if addressed too suddenly.

"He's in love," Rose decided, with a sagacious toss of her head. "I know the symptoms. Now, how shall I discover the object of his adoration?"

It did not take her very long to put two and two together. She had observed his ardent admiration for Nora Verlorme that day when the pretty authoress was brought into the house insensible. He rode out every afternoon in the Vaughn carriage, and was absent some hours—just long enough to pay a nice visit to the elegant little cottage in the suburbs which Janet had described to her. Besides, she had found a lovely bouquet and a turquoise ring hidden away with Major Vaughn's hat and gloves one morning.

Decidedly, the affair was going too far, and must be stopped. It was no part of her policy that the banker should be led into the noose matrimonial. Her interests were likely to suffer by it, as well as those of others, if he should have a family growing up about him.

"I will tell Godfrey," she thought. "He is clever enough to put a stop to Uncle Douglas' folly in some way, and I know he'll do it!"

But it was necessary, in the first place, to assure herself that her suspicions were not without foundation.

After considerable pondering, she decided to employ a private detective in the affair, for it would not answer to tamper with the servants.

She found the right sort of a man without difficulty. "I want you to follow Major Vaughn when he rides out to-day," were her instructions, "and find out all you can of the people he goes to see."

"And report to you this evening?" asked the detective.

"The morning will answer better—I shall be less likely to have an engagement. I will meet you in University Place."

"At what hour?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"You will find me punctual," said the detective, and he went his way.

What Rose learned when the meeting thus appointed took place, did not surprise her very much. But it convinced her of the necessity for immediate action.

She went home deeply excited, and at once searched for Godfrey. He was not in the house, and as he did not return until long past noon, Rose had worked herself into quite a frenzy before his arrival.

"I've got some unpleasant news to tell you," she said, the instant they were alone together.

Godfrey glanced into her excited face, and changed color.

"I don't hear any but unpleasant things," he grumbled.

"Bah! You need not listen to me unless you choose."

"But I do choose."

"Do you know where Uncle Douglas goes driving every day?"

"No!" He gave a quick start, as if some faint suspicion of the truth had flashed upon his mind. "Where is it?"

"He goes to see that pretty young authoress, Nora Verlorme."

Rose had told Godfrey all about the time when they had made Nora's acquaintance, long ere this, so that the mere mention of her name was all that now seemed necessary.

He started back with a suppressed cry. His face was like marble—astonishment and anger plainly expressed in every feature. This was a blow upon which he had scarcely counted.

"It is false!" he exclaimed, savagely.

Rose broke into a contemptuous laugh.

"Of course, I don't compel you to believe me. And it isn't a very pleasant thing to hear—pleasant for any of us. But I've done my duty in telling you."

Godfrey dropped into a chair, covering his ashen face with his trembling hands.

"The she-devil!" he muttered, under his breath. "I understand her game. She means to take her revenge upon me by marrying my uncle."

Rose was looking at him with something besides curiosity in her blue-black eyes.

"You take it very hard, Godfrey," she said, after a pause. "Of course, it concerns you more than Janet and myself. Everybody has considered you Uncle Douglas' heir, and now if he marries this adventuress——"

"He shall not marry her!" Godfrey burst out, fiercely.

"Humph! You say he shall not. But how are you to hinder it?"

"I will prevent it—that is enough."

He turned away his face, and seemed to be gasping for breath. At last he got up on his feet again; but he could scarcely stand.

"Where does this Nora Verlorme live?" he demanded. "You know so much, surely you can tell me that?"

"Yes, I can tell you," and she did.

Godfrey did not wait for very explicit directions. He swung on his heel, catching up his hat with a muttered oath.

"I'm going to see the vixen. And, by —, it will go hard if I don't put a stop to this business."

He flung off the detaining hand Rose laid upon his arm, and rushed like a madman from the house. Hailing the first empty cab that passed, he was soon *en route* for Mrs. Churchill's cottage.

The neat little nest-like place looked cosier and prettier than ever, bathed in the delicious afternoon sunshine, as the cab rattled up the shady road, and stopped before the gate.

Godfrey leaped out, and passed quickly into the grounds. He caught a glimpse of a well-remembered face at one of the windows, and the sight added fuel to the flame already burning in his soul, for it looked round, rosy and bright, like everything else but the face of a woman pining for a recreant lover.

"She can be happy and light-hearted," he muttered, "when she has caused me such utter misery!"

He seemed to forget that his present wretchedness was really his own making, that he had been the culprit in the first instance.

Pausing for little ceremony, he rushed up the steps, through a cool, shady hall, and into her exquisitely-appointed room where Nora sat reading; there he confronted her.

"I came for an explanation of your infamous conduct!" he cried, in a high, raised voice; "and I will have it."

Nora rose up to meet him. For an instant she grew pale as death, then the blood surged in torrents over neck and brow. She guessed at once what he meant.

So all was discovered! Well, be it so. Henceforth it must be war to the knife between herself and this man. No matter; she was ready for the conflict.

"How dare you burst in upon me in this way, Mr. Vaughn?" she said, with flashing eyes. "Leave the room!"

—"Not until you have told me why you are playing such a false, treacherous part toward me."

"I playing a part?" Her fine lip curled scornfully as she spoke. "You forget yourself, Mr. Godfrey Vaughn."

"Think you I am ignorant of your goings on?" he burst out, savagely. "Haven't I eyes and ears? Don't I know as well as you do, that you are trying to wheedle Major Vaughn into a marriage with you?"

Nora's face grew ghastly at the insult. She turned upon him with her hands shaking, her mien that of an enraged lioness.

"Speak to me in that way and I ring for the servants to throw you from the door," she said, in the low tone of concentrated anger.

Godfrey saw that she was in earnest, and calmed down a little.

"Do you deny that you are playing your cards to become his wife?" he demanded.

"I deny nothing, simply because I am not amenable to you for my conduct."

"Oh, Nora! Nora!" He stood before her now with his hands clasped, and an expression of real anguish upon his face. "You will drive me mad—I think you mean to drive me mad."

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly.

"You know that I worship the very ground you tread upon. I could walk after you, and kiss your footprints in the dust. I could barter my soul to win your smile."

She turned impatiently away.

"I ask no such sacrifices at your hands."

"Can I help loving you? Oh, my God, how you make me suffer! I meant every word I said to you that night at the fancy ball. You reign in my heart, queen of all my thoughts. Don't seek to dethrone yourself; and don't turn from me with that scornful smile. You can't be indifferent to such love as mine. It is not nature. See, here, on my knees I entreat you to think many times before you cast me aside. For *your* good, as well as mine, think many times. Oh, Nora—Nora!"

With flashing eyes, and head erect, this beautiful woman drew her robe from his clutch, as though he had been some loathsome thing, stricken with leprosy, and recoiled slowly.

"Rise," said she. "You ought to know better than to kneel to a woman whom you have insulted."

He got upon his feet again, but still held out his shaking hands.

"Have you no mercy, Nora, no womanly leaven of forgiveness in your heart?" he said, piteously.

"None—for you!" in a cold, hard voice.

He started at the words, gave her one look, a dark and threatening glance, and the angry crimson flamed into his face again.

"You mean to go on with the clever game you are playing!" he cried. "You mean to lure Major Vaughn into your deceitful snare! Tell me that, for it is well we should fully understand each other."

"Leave the house!" said Nora, with a stamp, and gleaming eyes. "You shall not stay here to insult me a moment longer."

"I will go; but you must hear me first. You think it will be a sweet revenge to alienate my uncle from me, to turn his love into distrust, to steal away my inheritance! But I warn you to beware. A Nemesis will be upon your track when you least expect it, and will pursue you to the bitter end."

"Do *you* talk of a Nemesis?"

"Why not? Think you I shall suffer this iniquity to go on, and make no sign? A thousand times—no! You may reject my love, but you shall never revel in that of any other man. I shall warn my uncle against you."

"Do so," she replied, with a bitter laugh. "Much good you will accomplish in that way."

"I shall tell him all the past, so far as you and I are concerned. I shall caution him to shun you as he would the devil—to hide his eyes from your fatal beauty, to turn a deaf ear to your siren spells, to beware of your sweet, treacherous, subtle arts. I shall caution him, and he will listen to me! Of that you may be assured. Where, then, will be your chances of reigning in Madison Square?"

His jeering, sarcastic words drove Nora beside herself. She abruptly rung the bell.

"John, show this creature to the door," she said, haughtily, to the servant who answered the summons.

Godfrey went—there was now no help for it—he could not make a scene with this gaping domestic standing by. But, as he strode past the incensed beauty, stooping he said close to her ear:

"You shall pay dearly for this treatment!"

The next instant he was gone.

With a long, low, sobbing cry, Nora clasped her fingers over her temples, and began walking wildly up and down the floor. A crisis had come. Was she ready for it?

Suddenly footsteps crossed the hall, the door swung open, and Major Vaughn himself stood before her.

She stopped in her tracks, fixed as stone, and stared at him breathlessly.

"Had he met Godfrey?" was her first horrified thought; "and had there been an explanation between them?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### RAILWAYS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

According to a recent report made to the British Board of Trade by Captain Tyler, an inspector of the railways of the United Kingdom, the average dividend made in 1873 by the companies was five per cent. on ordinary capital, while the average earnings were 46 per cent. "By the running of trains over a distance of 197,354,749 miles," says the report, "£55,675,421 was received during the year, of which £30,060,112 were expended in working and maintenance, and £25,615,309 remained as net profit; so that 54 per cent. of the gross receipts were expended in earning them." What use the balance was put to after making 5 per cent. dividend out of 46 per cent. net earnings is not stated. The average cost per mile of working trains was 36 shillings 57-100, while the net profits were 31 shillings 14-100 per mile. The report also says that 16,083 miles of railway were laid down at the enormous outlay of £36,500 per mile, or about $180,000. When it is stated that American roads cost from $40,000 to $75,000 per mile, according to the nature of the work, it will be seen what immense sums English capitalists think necessary to lay out upon the mere construction of lines.

### TO-DAY.

BY W. PAUL.

Through [illegible] of gold and pearl he came—
The [illegible] were all aflame—
He touched the earth with tender light,
And kissed away the shades of night.

"Here comes our friend," the lily said;
The rose blushed to a deeper red.

And all the gentle race of flowers
Poured incense for the morning hours.

The sky bent down its deepest blue,
From tree to tree the robins flew;

The jeweled fields grew hourly fair,
Bird-carols floated in the air;

The woods were still as in a dream,
And like a diamond shone the stream.

"To-Day [illegible] is in disguise,"
[illegible] a poet, shrewdly wise;

A servant, also, to obey,
And [illegible] where you point the way.

Who wrestle with him hour by hour,
He leads to fame, and wealth and power;

For who would win his treasured stores
Must first assail his realm by force.

Small note he takes of varying creeds;
His record lies in words and deeds.

Action, [illegible] to [illegible] renown,
These are the jewels in his crown.

Discourse is vain; his lips are dumb;
No oracles from him can come.

To all the questions [illegible]
He is as subtle as the Sphinx.

### JUSTINE'S GAGE D'AMOUR.

BY ISABELLA KENT.

The Duc D'Autieul had a passion for diamonds. He was allowed to be an excellent judge, and no doubt he deserved to be so estimated, for there were many reasons why the excellence, unless deserved, should be accorded him. His name had been connected with many infamous scandals, and it was said that he had fled from his duchy. Yet his undoubted judgment in diamonds, and his unique collection of those fascinating gems, made him tolerated by many who would otherwise have given him the cut direct. The Duc D'Autieul was seated at one of the small tables near the south window of the Kursaal at Baden Baden. On the other side of the same table was M. Placquet, a young Frenchman, a third-rate actor of the Theatre of Varieties at Paris. He pretended to be nothing more. His style of living was in accordance with his position, and he had come to Baden for the purposes of his art. He was enjoying a modest cup of coffee, and dallying with the spoon, when the duke's attention became fixed upon a ring worn on the fourth finger of the young man's left hand. The duke evidently desired to ask M. Placquet a question, but his politeness restrained him. The duke struggled in vain. The ring fascinated him like the eyes of a basilisk, and M. Placquet played with his spoon most provokingly. The duke could bear it no longer, and therefore gave a short hem! to attract M. Placquet's attention.

"I hope you will pardon me," said the duke, "but I have a passion for diamonds."

M. Placquet smiled, bowed, and looked strangely puzzled.

"Excuse me," said the duke, "but would you allow me to examine the one upon your finger?"

"Monsieur is disposed to be pleasant," replied M. Placquet, a shade of displeasure passing over his face. "I am not in a position to wear diamonds."

"My dear sir," said the duke, "I assure you I had no intention to offend you; and, believe me, the ring you wear is a brilliant of a very pure water."

"Poor Justine!" half muttered M. Placquet, shrugging his shoulders; "you give diamonds!"

"You seem to doubt my judgment, sir!" said the duke, his dark eyebrows contracting, and his eyes—he had terrible eyes—glowing as they always did when he became angry. "I say it is a diamond, sir!"

M. Placquet drew the ring from his finger, and, presenting it to the duke, said:

"Satisfy yourself, sir. It is only one of the excellent imitations made for stage use, and was given to me by a little ballet-dancer—some day to be my wife—as a *gage d'amour*. It cost ten francs, sir—a large sum for her to expend even upon me. I went with her to purchase it, and selected it from a hundred others equally brilliant and valuable."

The duke held the ring to the light, then shaded it with his hand, and put it to all the tests usually employed by connoisseurs.

"My opinion is still unchanged, sir," said the duke, "notwithstanding all you have told me, and I am prepared to lay any wager you please that I am right. This diamond is of great value."

"M'sieur," replied M. Placquet, with a deprecatory shrug, "I am only a third-rate actor at the Varieties, and cannot pay wagers if I lose them; but I will justify what I have told you. You are a stranger to me. My ring, you say, is of great value. Take it away, and submit it to other judgments, and when you have found that my ten-franc ring is only glass or paste, return it to me to-morrow at this hour, for the sake of my little Justine."

M. Placquet considered he had delivered a first-rate exit speech, so, leaving the ring with the duke, he made a capital bow, and withdrew to an imaginary round of applause.

The duke was right in his judgment. Lewis Emanuels, the diamond dealer of Hamburg, chanced to be at Baden Baden, and he pronounced the stone to be worth ten thousand francs, and cheap at the money. M. Placquet and the duke were equally punctual. The poor actor turned pale when the duke told him the result of his inquiry, and offered to become the purchaser of the ring at the price set upon it by the Hamburg dealer.

"You are very good, M'sieur, very," said M. Placquet, "and will perhaps form a bad opinion of my intellect if I hesitate to accept your liberal offer, and for the reason I am about to give. I told you the ring was the gift of my *fiancee*, Justine. You do not know her—how should you? She is the soul of sentiment and of affection, and she might blame me did I part with her *gage d'amour* without her consent. If you will allow me to write to her in Paris, and await her answer, should she consent, the ring is yours. In the meantime, pray take charge of it, and, if possible, confirm your judgment, for I cannot believe in my good fortune."

The duke refused, then hesitated, and at last consented to become the custodian of the ring, after giving M. Placquet an acknowledgment in writing.

When M. Placquet saw the duke's signature, the poor fellow was overwhelmed at the honor he had received in his recent association with so great a personage, and he uttered a profusion of apologies for the freedom he had used in the intercourse. The duke dismissed him very graciously, and M. Placquet proceeded to write to his distant and much-beloved Justine.

In a few days M. Placquet received an answer from Justine, not by post, but through the agency of that young lady's venerable grandpapa, and who had journeyed expressly from Paris to assure Auguste (M. Placquet) that he could do as he pleased for their mutual advantage.

A meeting was arranged, and the duke and M. Placquet were alone. Five hundred golden louis jingled in the pocket of M. Placquet, in exchange for poor little Justine's ten-franc purchase.

"Here is the little box they gave me with it," said M. Placquet, taking the ring from the table, and pressing it fondly, very fondly, to his lips, and then placing it in the little casket, which he returned open to the duke.

The duke closed it, and put it into his pocket. M. Placquet was evidently much moved by his sacrifice, and the duke, observing it, very soon released him from his presence.

The same night M. Placquet and the venerable grandpapa of poor little Justine left Baden Baden. The next morning the Duc D'Autieul invited the Princess of A., the Countess of B., and the Margrave of C., to inspect his new purchase. When it was produced, the duke could scarcely believe his eyes. The ring was the same in size and in setting, but it was changed, changed to paste, and might have been bought in Paris anywhere for ten francs! The duke demanded M. Placquet to be sent for. M. Placquet, as we have said before, had left the night preceding with the duke's five hundred golden louis jingling in his pocket, accompanied by the venerable grandpapa of poor little Justine. Yes, the swindle was plain enough. M. Placquet and his confederates had heard of the duke's passion for diamonds, and had clubbed together to purchase one of great beauty. This the duke saw, examined, and purchased; but Justine's venerable grandpapa had traveled expressly from Paris with an exact imitation of the same diamond which M. Placquet sold the duke, and which he exchanged over the parting kiss which he so lovingly bestowed upon it.

## RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

WHOEVER will try alum and honey, a small portion of each, will never suffer much from hoarseness.

SWEETENING OLD LARD.—Take a small bunch of slippery elm bark and put it in the lard, and cook one hour.

THE best labels for plants and trees are made by writing with a lead pencil on a slip of zinc and attaching this to the tree with copper wire.

CAMPHORATED water, steeped in a cloth saturated with the liquid, will force germination in seeds, the vitality of which is almost extinct.

A SIMPLE and effective emetic—the materials being usually at hand—consists of a half a glass of warm water, a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and another of mustard.

SPRAINS are strainings of the tendons and ligaments. Time is always required for their recovery. Keep the limb at rest, uncovered with anything but a cloth dipped in cold water, or cold spirit and water.

QUICK RELIEF FOR BURNS.—Apply a layer of common salt and saturate it with laudanum. Hold it in position a few hours with a simple wrapper. The smarting disappears almost immediately, and the sore gets well with incredible rapidity.

LEMON JUICE IN DIPTHERIA.—M. Revillout, an eminent French physician, recommends in the strongest terms the employment of large quantities of lemon juice as a gargle. He says that he and his father have used it during eighteen years, and always with success, it being the most certain application yet known.

THE question is often asked by careful mothers, "What will remove grass stains from children's clothing?" An exchange says that simply wetting and rubbing the stained cloth in cold water will remove all traces of the grass. Fruit stains will disappear on the application of boiling hot water. No salt should be used in either case.

TO CONCEAL BAD TASTES OF MEDICINES.—The bitter tastes of quinia, colocynth, aloes, quassia and other bitter medicines is said to be instantly removed by chewing a piece of licorice root. To disguise castor oil rub two drops oil of cinnamon with an ounce of glycerine and add an ounce of castor oil. Children will take it and ask for more.

OATMEAL FOR THE COMPLEXION.—The complexion may be improved by the use of oatmeal, which contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. The hands may be made soft and white by wearing at night large mittens of cloth filled with bran or oatmeal and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had white, soft hands confessed that she had a great deal of housework to do, and kept them white as any idler's by wearing oatmeal mittens every night.

CRIBBING in horses is caused in the first place by some foreign substance being passed between the teeth, or by the front teeth growing too close together, thus causing pain. The horse, to avoid this, instinctively pulls at any hard substance, thus spreading the points of the teeth, and by that means affording temporary relief. To remedy this fault, it is only necessary to saw between the teeth with a very thin saw; this relieves the teeth of all side pressure, and effectually ends the trouble. The gulping of wind and the gurgling in the throat are effects that will cease with the removal of the cause.

SALT WATER FOR THE EYES.—Many persons are suffering pain from weakness of the eyes. This, sometimes, proceeds, from local inflammation, and sometimes from other causes. Several persons who have been thus afflicted inform us that they have derived almost immediate, and, in some cases, permanent relief from the application of salt water as a bath; and where the pain has been aggravated, form a compress saturated with salt water laid on the eyes, and renewed at frequent intervals. Opening the eyes and submerging them in clean salt water, has been found beneficial to those whose eyesight begins to fail.

### THE GREEK POETS.

BY FREDERIC L. CLARK.

Orpheus, commonly called the father of poetry, was the son of Œager, or, as sometimes said, of Apollo, that far-famed Grecian god, who presided over music, poetry, and medicine, and who made Midas receive the ears of an ass because he admired Pan's music more than his. It is said that in the hands of Orpheus was placed a lyre, by which he was enabled to move mountains, stay the courses of rivers, and subdue the ferocity of wild beasts. It is hardly probable, however, that this was all true, though it is very pretty to believe. His musical capacity was undoubtedly great, but he lived in an age when there were not as many musicians as there are to-day, or else they were not as ambitious as the youth of the present century; moreover, we may imagine that his admirers were not as critical as those of our modern poets. But the greatest event in the life of Orpheus was the gaining of his wife, Euridice, from the infernal regions, though I have never been informed what business the good lady was obliged to transact there. He was told that he might regain her if he would not look behind him until he came to the extremest borders of hell. But failing to comply with this condition, either through forgetfulness, or impatience of love, she vanished from before his eyes. The period in which he is supposed to have lived, is 1284 years B. C.

Musæus, another Greek poet of about the same period, is supposed to have been the son of Orpheus, or one of his disciples. None of his works remain.

Homer, the greatest of Grecian poets, is often called the father of poetry, because his works are the earliest poetic productions that have survived the devastations of time. Scarcely anything is known of him, though many suppositions, regarding the events of his life, have been advanced. It is, however, agreed that he was a wandering poet, and was blind. His greatest poems are the Iliad and the Odyssey. The English poet, Alexander Pope, has given to the world very excellent translations of both. Dr. Mackenzie says that William Broom, an English laborer's son, "so far assisted Pope in his translation of Homer's Odyssey, that he wrote eight books and all the notes." Besides Pope's, there are many able English versions of the Greek poet's works. The period assigned to Homer is 907 years B. C.

Sappho, a Greek poetess, and the inventor of the Sapphic verse, was born about B. C. 600 years. Her passions were extremely violent, as may be seen in the manner of her death. She had conceived such a violent attachment for Phaon, a youth of Mytelene, that she threw herself into the sea from Mount Lucas, on his refusal to reciprocate it. Only a few of her poems remain, though they were all extant in the age of Horace, *i. e.*, a few years B. C. Those are preserved by Longinus, the philosopher, in his "Treatise on the Sublime," which was written for Zenobia, Queen of the East.

Hesiod, a contemporary of Homer, was born at Ascra in Bœotia. His two greatest poems were entitled "Agriculture" and "Theology," which were greatly admired for their elegance and sweetness of expression. The Greeks were so partial to his moral instruction, that they required their children to learn them by heart.

Anacreon, the father of the Anacreontic verse, was altogether too fond of wine and good victuals, if we may believe the stories handed down to us concerning him. His "Odes" are admired for sweetness, elegance and gracefulness, though it may be said that they have a hurtful moral tendency. He died at the age of eighty-five years, having choked himself with a grape-stone. His statue was placed in the citadel of Athens, representing him as an old drunken man, singing, with every mark of dissipation upon his countenance.

Pindar, the greatest of Grecian lyric poets, was a native of Thebes. His poems were much celebrated in their day, and he received the liberal patronage of kings and princes. Only a few of his poems remain, and they are greatly admired for beauty of expression and grandeur of style. He died B. C. 435 years, and after his death a statue, which was admired by all who beheld it, was erected to his memory in Thebes. He lived to the age of eighty-six years.

Euripides, an eminent tragic poet of Greece, was the rival of the celebrated Sophocles in poetic fame. He was wont to seclude himself in a dismal cavern near Salamis, the place of his birth, where he composed many of his best tragedies. Once, while one of his plays was being performed, the audience desired Euripides to strike off some lines that did not exactly suit them. He naturally heard the request with indignation, and he plainly told them that "he came there to instruct them, not to receive instruction." The ridicule and envy to which Euripides was exposed in Athens, finally induced him to retire to the court of the King of Macedonia, where he was received with great splendor. It was in this court that his terrible death occurred. While indulging in one of his solitary walks he was attacked by the hounds of the king, and it is said that they actually tore him limb from limb. This happened B. C. 407 years, when he was seventy-eight years old. Of nineteen tragedies only seventeen remain.

Sophocles, whom we have mentioned as the rival of Euripides, was not only a great poet, but also a great statesman and general. His children once accused him of insanity, in order to obtain his wealth. To this charge he replied by writing one of his best tragedies, and then asking the judges if an insane person could compose such a performance. He was at once acquitted to the confusion of his ungrateful offspring. Sophocles obtained the prize for poetry no less than twenty times, and died of excess of joy after learning that he had received it at the Olympic Games.

Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, existed B. C. about 282 years. Thirty Idylia and several epigrams of his are extant, all admired for gracefulness, elegance and simplicity. His best efforts, however, were pastorals, or rural poems, in which department of literature he excelled all others. It is said that he was strangled by order of Hiero, King of Syracuse, because he had written some invectives against his royal master.

THE perfume of a thousand roses soon dies, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after; saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

### THE TWO ROSES.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Softly stept she over the lawn,
  In vesture light and free;
A floating angel might have drawn
Her hair from heaven in a glory-dawn,
  And her voice rang silverly.
Then up she rose on her tiny tip-toes,
And reach'd and reach'd among the boughs;
You are tall and proud, my dainty Rose!
  But I have you now, said she.

Oh, so lightly over the lawn,
  Step for step went he!
Thinking how, from his hiding-place,
The war of Roses in her face.
  Dear Love would laugh to see!
Two arms suddenly round her he throws,
Two mouths, turning one way, close;
You are tall and proud, my dainty Rose!
  But I have you now, said he.

# PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

# The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A VOTE TAKEN.

The wood in which they now stood was very dark, the faint illumination of the open sky not penetrating its depths. The two scouts had gained light enough for their late portage by keeping close to the edge of the stream. Deeper in the wood progress was difficult and dangerous.

They made their way down stream again to the point of landing, where they had left Major Amberly. The mound rose up plainly against the clear background of sky as they passed it, but too indistinctly for any form to be perceived on its summit.

Joining the major, the older scout led the way deeper into the woods.

"I want to strike a shelter where we can safely build a fire," he said. "We can't travel far without something to sustain life, and I don't hanker after raw duck."

Great care was necessary in this progress. The ground was level, but it was encumbered with fallen boughs, bushes, and saplings, which it was too dark to see. Even the tree-trunks were frequently invisible until after a collision with them.

They penetrated the wood in this difficult way until some quarter of a mile back from the river.

"I think we can safely stop here," said Jack, at length. "The wood is too thick and bushy for any light from our fire to cross the stream, and we are half a mile below the mound. Feel around, Phil, for dry twigs and leaves."

In a moment the faint light revealed the forms of the party to each other. The bunch of dry leaves, which Phil had drawn together, readily kindled, and soon a strong illumination lit up the scene.

The light enabled him to gather some more substantial fuel, and it was not long before they had a good fire burning.

"We are safe enough here," said Jack. "No light can get through those bushes. Now for a duck supper; which ain't bad provender, let me tell you, for hungry men."

Their two brace of wild fowl were soon hanging on extemporized tripods of green saplings, and roasting over the fire.

They calculated that a pair of them would serve for supper, but they wanted some palatable provisions in their knapsacks for the next day. The opportunity might not offer of replenishing their stock.

This impromptu meal ended, they allowed their fire to go down, waiting patiently for the rising of the moon. Their night's labor was not yet ended.

"You see," said Jack Gray, addressing his less experienced companions, "there's sound reasons why it won't pay us to lay by here till morning. I've trailed redskins before, and I know their nature. If we waited till morning we could strike their trails, but we might lose more than we would gain by it."

"In what way?" asked the major.

"I told you before that, in my notion, they wouldn't make more than ten miles by to-night. Now that's not much of a five hours' walk for Indians; and they've got no mercy on prisoners."

"What will delay them?"

"Trying to hide their trail. I'll bet a cow they've spent two good hours this afternoon at that work. What's the consequence? It would take us two or three hours to-morrow trying to find it. Now that's more time than we've got to lose."

"But if we go forward to-night we may lose the trail altogether."

"They'll make a break in it of some kind," replied Jack. "If we went for it to-morrow, we'd have to hunt it out and take it up past that break. Now if we travel past the break to-night, and are lucky enough to take up the trail in the morning, all their scheming goes for nothing."

"That sounds very plausible," answered the major, "but is there not another consideration to take? This trail is but a narrow track over the grass and dead leaves, that needs sharp eyesight to see, even when you know where to look for it. We may, by our night's march, put ourselves five or six miles to the right or left of it. Are not the chances infinitely small of our finding it again?"

"You're a bit mistaken in two points, Major Amberly," replied Jack. "I won't give in that a trail through a country like this is hard to find; particular when two soldiers help to make it. And the second point is that we can't go five miles wrong. Don't the Attoyac and the Neuces draw together above here, Phil?"

"I think they come within ten miles of each other; or thereabouts," said Phil.

"Is the country all woodland?"

"No. There's wood in each river bottom. But there's a prairie five miles wide between."

"You see," said Jack, in a tone of triumph, "it's plain sailing."

"You will excuse me, but I don't see," replied the major.

"They're not going to cross either river," said the scout. "At least that's my notion. The streams run deep, and they've got no way to get the women across. Then they've got to go through a ten mile neck, and more than half of that prairie. That they won't touch."

"Why not?"

"First, because it's their game to hide their trail. They're not going to play hob with that by making a cattle track through the long prairie grass. Next, they don't want to walk under the hot sun when the wood is just as handy. It's a question next whether they will strike across for the Neuces, or stick to the Attoyac woods."

"The Attoyac's my notion," said Phil, impulsively.

"Why?" asked Jack, as if with a desire to draw out his youthful comrade.

"Because the prairie stretches down this far and below here. If they crossed to the Nueces they'd have to make a trail through foot high grass. What's more, the Cherokee settlement lays more about the head waters of this river."

"It crosses the Neuces, and reaches over to the Trinity for that matter," said Jack. "How far below here does the prairie reach?"

"About two miles."

"And below that the wood crosses the whole divide?"

"I've never been over just that ground, but I've been told so."

Jack Grey sat for some time in deep thought. The fire was now burning very low. Only a fitful gleam fell on his bronzed face, on which the eyes of his companions were closely fixed.

A faint, silvery gleam was touching the forest top, unseen by them. The rising moon had just peeped above the horizon.

"I have my doubts about the Attoyac," said Jack, at length. "That's the most natural way for them to travel. And for just that reason it's the least likely. If I had their trail before my eyes this minute I can tell you what I think I'd see."

"I am anxious to learn," said the major. "Your analysis of the case is decidedly interesting."

"There would be a broad trail running north, along the river. Then it would thin out and end nowhere. The cunning devils would play some trick with their trail, expecting to coax us further north to hunt for the broken end. Instead of that they'd double on their track, follow the inside edge of the wood two miles down, and strike across through the lower forest to the Neuces. If that hasn't been their game, then I know nothing of Indian trickery."

"What do you think of this, Phil?" asked the major. "Your own opinion, mind. Jack Grey is an older and more experienced man than you, but you must learn to take nothing at second hand. What say you? Shall it be the Attoyac or the Neuces?"

Phil did not answer for several minutes. He seemed revolving the arguments of his comrade, and making a thorough consideration of the whole question.

"The Attoyac," he at length said, dissenting from Jack's opinion.

"Your reasons?" asked the major.

"They are of no value," replied Phil. "It's only a notion of mine. I'm only an apprentice at this business."

"We want your reasons," said Jack. "There never was the time that one man's head was as good as two men's heads. One good reason may upset fifty poor ones."

"My fancy is," said Phil, with some hesitation, "that the red men this side the river will trust considerably to the red men on the other side. They may take pains to break the trail, but they will hardly go six miles out of their way for it. If they took the Neuces track we could head them off before morning, by crossing the prairie. That looks like a plan that might prove a losing one. They're all wounded men, too. They can't afford to travel many miles out of their way."

"Very well thought of, Phil," said the older scout. "I question, though, if the Nueces is out of their way. They have a village on it, not ten miles above here. Perhaps you can aid us to a decision of this important question, Major Amberly."

"I've heard both your voices and can give the casting vote," said the major. "Our fire is burnt out, and here comes the moonlight. Get ready to travel and I will name the river."

The getting ready was a short undertaking. Placing the remnant of their meal in their knapsacks, and looking to the charges of their rifles, the two scouts rose from the ground, and announced themselves ready for the road.

The moon was as yet but of little height, and only some faint glimmer of its light reached the forest floor. Every minute, however, added to the penetrating power of its rays.

"We are ready, major," said Jack. "What river?"

"The Neuces," said the major.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRAIL FOUND.

In Indian file, with trailed rifles, and at a rate of speed which showed the refreshment gained from ther long rest, the three men penetrated the forest.

The course they pursued lay in a northwest direction, striking the edge of the prairie a full mile north of the point at which they had started.

This forest passage was not without its difficulties. The moonlight, as yet, but dimly illuminated the woodland aisles, and obstructions that would have been unnoticed by day greatly diminished the ease of their night passage.

The prairie, however, was lit by the full light of the moon, which had gained some height during their slow passage through the wood. The grass was not as high as they had supposed, and walking was easily performed across the level, floor-like expanse.

Their course was still northwest, being laid so as to strike the Nuecea bottom several miles north of the position of their starting place.

It was near midnight when they at length halted, well within the borders of the forest which had been their westward goal.

"Work is over for to-night," said Jack Gray. "Sleep is next on the carpet. We've got to build ourselves up for a busy day to-morrow."

Laying his rifle carefully on a smooth piece of turfy soil, he prepared to lay himself as carefully beside it.

"It's not as warm as July, major," he said, "but we can't risk a fire."

"The cold won't hurt me," replied the major. "I have bivouacked out many a night, with ice on the streams."

"Not on Texan streams," said Phil, as he stretched himself out for slumber.

"No, I have played soldier far north of Texas."

The sun was just rising the next morning when they awoke from refreshing slumbers.

An ablution in a stream that prattled near them, and a frugal meal, prepared them for the business of the day.

It was observable that Major Amberly's suffering and impatience of the day before were greatly diminished. He had gained great confidence in his companions, and began to feel sure of final success in their enterprise.

The Indians, he argued, could not be far in advance of their present position, as the route they had taken must have made their journey at least five miles longer than that of their pusuers. That five wounded and embarrassed men were a match for three sound ones he did not believe.

The only doubtful point in this hopeful argument was that the savages might seek to rid themselves of their embarrassment by murdering the prisoners. This was a disquieting reflection, which all his hopefulness failed to remove from his mind.

They were already making their way through the forest, still in a northwesterly course, towards the river. Their progress was slow, as their route would cross the path which they supposed the Indians to have taken, and it was necessary to keep a very sharp lookout for the trail.

Nothing escaped the keen eyes of the scouts. The wood here was open, with little grass, and a few young plants. Yet every spot of soil was noted, every bush examined with searching glances, every tree trunk scrutinized.

An indentation in the soil, a broken twig, the scratched bark of a tree, would have been hopeful indications. But none of these desired signs were perceived. They reached the shore of the river without any evidence of human steps having passed.

Their course had taken them a mile or two northward. Nothing discouraged, Jack proposed a return through the wood to the northeast. "There was more grass in this part of the forest," he said; numerous young sprouts were coming up through the soil; the Indians and their captives would be more weary, and would tread heavier. The chances were decidedly improved.

Their caution was now redoubled. The work was divided, Jack Gray keeping his keen vision on the ground; Phil noting the tree trunks and bushes, the major using his less educated senses in general supervision.

Several hours were occupied in this slow and careful examination, yet it seemed destined to be in vain. If human footstep had passed that way, it must have been shod with air. There was nowhere to be found a trace of man's presence.

"They may be repeating some of the schemes which you predicted," said the major. "You give them credit for great shrewdness in concealing their trails."

"They are past that," replied Jack. "They would tread here with their full weight."

"How, then, do you account for the absence of signs of their presence?"

"On the ground that two heads are better than one. Phil was right. They have followed the Attoyac."

"And we have lost two hours on a false scent?"

"Such is scouting work," replied Jack, composedly.

"What are we to do?" asked Phil.

"Cross the prairie, and strike in on the other woods."

"The divide seems narrower ahead. Maybe we'd better make a couple of miles further this side. If we find nothing then, we can strike across."

This plan was agreed to, and they re-entered the wood, with the forlorn hope of yet discovering some trace.

Nothing was found, however. They reached the point at which they devised to cross the prairie, which here seemed about three miles wide.

Far as the eye could reach it extended northward, a mighty plain, level as the sea, and brilliant with its profusion of flowers.

The river they were now approaching appeared to make a bend in this part of its course, running nearly due west. Their route lay to the northeast, and struck the stream near where it again bent northerly.

"Is there no danger of their seeing us?" asked the major, as they made their way toilsomely through the long grass.

"No; they are at least six or eight miles further up stream. They will keep in the woods, too. They don't build on an approach from this quarter."

The sun's rays poured hotly down upon their heads, and it was with great relief that they at length struck the forest, and passed under its cool arches.

"Now eyes, ears and noses are all to be brought into play," said Jack, as he shifted his rifle from his shoulder to a trail. "It will be high treason to let a bent leaf or a broken stick escape us. There's the bend of the river a half mile ahead. It's my notion that the redskins don't feel like making too many steps. I'll bet that they pressed in toward the river, and made the turn close to the bend.

"We had better follow their example, then," said the major. "That will be the safest ground to look for the trail."

With eyes fixed on the ground like sleuth hounds, they went forward, bringing all the sagacity of the American borderer into play. The point in question was nearly reached, yet nothing appeared.

Phil at length called them back to his side.

"Was that done by a deer's antlers?" he asked, pointing to a broken twig of a bush.

Jack examined it closely.

"It has been broken downward first," he said. "The upward break was made afterward. There has been a man's hand at work here, and a keen fellow at that. It's a plain attempt to try and lay the blame on a deer. Look alive now. That's promising."

The ground was hard and dry, and illy calculated to retain the impress of footsteps. For twenty feet around Jack made a close examination, but without success.

Meanwhile Phil had gone forward toward the bend. Suddenly his comrade heard him calling. He was standing erect, in an attitude of triumph, pointing to the ground.

"Any signs, Phil?" cried Jack, as he came hastily up.

"Rich," replied Phil. "It's the trail, sure enough—and the trail we want. Major Amberly, if you know your daughter's footstep, look there! The light foot made the bird's nest in that patch of moss."

The major hurried eagerly forward, burning to behold the faint compression which the sharp eyes of the youth had discovered. He could only see a slight depression in the centre of the moss, in the general shape of a foot.

"It's the little one's tread, sure enough," said Jack, after a single glance—"and there goes the trail, plain as daylight."

The major looked in the direction in which he pointed, but could see no indications.

"Your eyes ain't brought up to this work," said Jack, laughing. "See here! and here! Every step is plain. There's work before us now, lads. Speed and caution are our watchwords."

With a quick step he started forward, followed in Indian file by his companions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CALIFORNIAN GHOST STORY.

BY C. A. P.

Once upon a time there stood near the village of Seaford, in one of the Californian mountain towns, a beautiful cottage embowered in vines and fruit trees. The proprietor's name was William Ashdale. He was a carpenter by trade. Having acquired a small fortune by mining, and being a bachelor, he thought that by building a cottage he would soon find a young lady who would consent to be his wife, and share his home and fortune. But alas! like many human hopes, he was doomed to disappointment. After finishing his building, and spending the rest of his little fortune in furnishing the apartments, he found himself without a dollar, and he was compelled to let his abode to a rich colonel, who, together with his wife and daughter, was visiting at that time in the neighborhood for the purpose of recruiting his health.

We are obliged to give a short description of the house, because it is necessary to the sequel of this story. On entering the cottage, the visitor was struck with the exquisite taste with which the carpenter had fitted up the interior. A passage ran the entire length of the dwelling, dividing it in two compartments, the whole passage panelled and painted in imitation of oak and laurel. At the farthest end of the passage was an oval window of stained glass, about five feet from the floor. The cottage contained a parlor and dining-room, besides two bed-rooms, a pantry, and a scullery. The only entrance was through the front door.

The colonel, together with his family and servant girl, were the only occupants of the cottage, and nothing seemed to mar the quietness of the family. Regularly, night after night, they went to bed about nine o'clock.

They had occupied the dwelling about four weeks, when, at about nine o'clock at night, the colonel thought the heard a low croaking noise in the passage. Thinking it might be robbers, the colonel softly opened the door. He was a fearless man, believing neither in ghosts nor hobgoblins, and for other enemies he had a revolver in his hand. Peering in the darkness of the passage, he saw, by the faint light through the window, a black shadow seemingly disappear through the wall. The same croaking was heard, then everything was quiet.

The next morning the colonel examined every nook and corner of the cottage, but discovered no secret outlet. He looked at and tried all the fastenings of the doors and windows, but all were as secure as bolts and bars could make them.

The next night the inmates were awakened by the screams of the servant girl. On entering the passage, the colonel found her lying on the floor in convulsions. When becoming quiet, the girl stated that, as soon as she had put things all right in the kitchen, she had sat down to read a newspaper. After reading awhile, she felt very sleepy, so she lighted a candle, extinguished the lamp, and closed the passage to her bedroom. She put her hand on the door-handle, but the door was locked.

Not wishing to disturb the family, she was about turning back to the kitchen, when the light was blown out, and the candle dashed from her hand. With a scream, she fell to the floor, and lost all consciousness. The colonel found the key of her bedroom on the floor of the passage. Telling the girl not to say anything to her neighbors about the affair, at least not until the mystery was cleared up, he sent his daughter to sleep with the servant girl. The rest of that night passed without any extraordinary occurrence.

On the following morning, the colonel went to the cabin of the carpenter, and told him about the mysterious noise and the fright of the servant girl. The carpenter said that he had never slept in the cottage, and, therefore, he did not know anything about it. The colonel returned home, and, to quiet the fears of his family, he told them that he had found out the cause of the noise—it was rats.

Several nights passed, and nothing was seen or heard, but, on the fifth night, near twelve o'clock, the same croaking noise was repeated. The colonel took his revolver in his hand, and approached his bedroom door, against which he put his ear. He distinctly heard a low shuffling sound. He stepped back a few paces, and leveled his revolver at the door, ready to fire. He heard a key turned in the lock, the door opened, and on the threshold stood the figure of a man.

The colonel took careful aim, and fired. With a groan, the figure fell back on the floor of the passage. The screams of his wife and the girls were fearful, but the colonel, with a loud voice, stopped their outcry. Procuring a light, the colonel went out into the passage, and, on removing a mask from the face of the prostrate man, he recognized, to his astonishment, the features of the carpenter, William Ashdale, his landlord.

On examination it was found that William was still alive. The bullet had penetrated the arm, and, as was afterwards ascertained, breaking only one of the smaller bones. As soon as William was able to speak, he confessed to the colonel how he had entered the house. He said that the washstand in the kitchen hung on two concealed hinges, and as the back of the washstand was a part of the actual outside of the house, it took but a slight push, and it would move from its position, leaving an aperture large enough for a man to crawl through into the kitchen. He had made the concealed door merely for the purpose of trying if he could construct a secret means of egress from the house. As he knew that the colonel had a large sum of money in his bedroom, he had made up his mind to rob him. Twice he had entered the house, but each time he was frightened away, first by the colonel, whom he saw as he opened the bedroom door, and the second time by the girl. And now, after his third attempt, he had received a just punishment, and he begged for mercy.

The colonel told the carpenter that as he was already punished enough he would not prosecute him for burglary, and the culprit, still upon his knees, thanked him for his leniency, and promised that as long as he lived he would never make another attempt at burglary.

The next day the colonel and his family returned to San Francisco.

### LITERARY LABOR.

A great deal of brilliant work has been done at a dash, and is still done. Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and sent it to press as it was written, publishing it with hardly a correction. Lope de Vega wrote three hundred dramas for the stage in one hundred days, upon the principle upon which an athlete now and then walks one hundred miles in one hundred hours; and it has been reckoned that the average amount of his work was nine hundred lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zaire" in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days. Dryden wrote his "Ode to Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to send out with her proofs to America. But, as a rule, the best work is not to be done at a dash in this style. "What do you think of 'Olympie?'" Voltaire asked of one of his friends after that work was published; "I wrote it in six days." "You should not have rested on the seventh day," was the answer, and the answer was wise as well as witty.

Shakspeare was not one of those slapdash workers; and Shakspeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore, with all his effervescence and sparkle, thought it quick work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although living out of the world in a writing-box in the Peak. Planche produced his burlesques at an equally slow rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. The author of "Caste" and "School" was one of the slowest of workmen. Even Albany Fonblanque often wrote his articles in the *Examiner* six times over before he thought them fit to go to press—and sometimes ten times over. Hepworth Dixon, it is said, wrote and rewrote his "Two Queens" eight times. That exquisite trifle of Kinglake's "Eothen," was rewritten five or six times and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone," and kept like that to be taken out for revision and correction almost every day. And this is the way in which good honest work—work, that is to be read to-morrow and the day after to-morrow—must be written. Scotts and Scribes only turn up once in a century.

**Curious Optical Effect.**—M. Devie called the attention of the French Academy, at a recent meeting, to the following phenomenon. Take a draughtboard with black and white squares; put it in a vertical position, and look directly at it, with one eye, or both. Then incline the head gradually so as to make the straight line joining the eyes parallel to the direction of a series of diagonals or squares. You then see the points of the dark or the white squares situated in this diagonal, not as simply touching each other, but joined by a dark line in the case of the black squares, white in the case of the white; the line grows thicker in proportion to the inclination of the head, till it reaches a maximum of breadth in the position described. It becomes very perceptible if you pose your head alternately right and left, bringing the line of the eyes alternately parallel to the two series of diagonals. If the observation is made with an eye-glass or an opera-glass, then the phenomenon is inverse—that is, the lines then appear between the angles situated in diagonals perpendicular to the line of the eyes. Similar phenomena may be observed with black tangent circles on a white sheet; and it appears that best to observe the instant of contact of two discs the situation should be that in which the straight line joining the eyes is inclined 45 degrees to the line of the centres.

**German Ocean once Dry Land.**—The German Ocean, like the English Channel, was once an island, plain or valley, raised far above the sea-level. The sea has but recently invaded this depressed plain, submerged its forests, and superseded its river courses. The buried trees of its sunken forest are still standing, rooted in their own vegetable soil, although beneath the waves. At certain seasons, and especially after great storms, the stumps of oak, alder, yew and Scotch firs are seen standing upright in the water. The condition of the wood and of the fir cones (some of the latter evidently bitten by animals) seems to tell us that the sinking of the land here occurred at no distant period in the physical history of our country. The remains of land animals, too, as well as of the forests they inhabited, are discovered in the bed of the German Ocean. It takes us back to the time when the European mainland, instead of terminating, as it does to-day, with the coasts of Norway and France, stretched far westward in one unbroken area, beyond the present coast of Ireland. These were the flourishing days of the forests of oak, chestnut, alder and yew, which are now submerged in the German Ocean and the English Channel.

**Wisdom of Silence.**—A courtier of Alexander the Great paid a visit to the studio of Apelles, the celebrated painter, and was received with the consideration due to his rank. This excited his vanity; and unfortunately he talked about the art of painting, exposing his ignorance in a variety of questions and criticisms. Apelles interrupted him at length, in a low voice, "Do you see those boys that are grinding my colors? While you were silent, they admired you, dazzled with the splendor of the purple and gold with which your habit glitters; but ever since you began to talk about what you do not understand, they have done nothing but laugh at you."

**Endeavor** to do your work quietly. Anxiety and over-action are always the cause of illness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down. We must remember that our battle is to be won by a strength not our own. It is a battle that does not depend upon the swift nor the strong.

## NEWS OF INTEREST

**Tom Thumb's** fortune is estimated at $300,000.

**Palestine** is one-fourth the size of New York.

**Mr. Gladstone's** pamphlet has now reached its one hundred and fourth thousand in England.

**Boston** has successfully introduced stoves and fires into street cars, for the comfort of passengers.

**The** proprietor of a Boston eating-house advertises "sacred clam chowder every Sunday evening."

**A silver-mounted** meerschaum pipe, colored by the late Lola Montez, is on exhibition in San Francisco.

**During** 1874 a single fruit firm in New York City imported the large number of sixty-seven thousand bunches of bananas.

**Queen Victoria** carried off the first prize for pigs and Herefordshire heifers at the Christmas cattle show lately, in London.

**They** have a new test for intoxication over in Canada. When a man can pronounce "reciprocity" without tripping, the police let him go.

**Tons** of postal cards without addresses are destroyed in the dead letter office because people write their message first and then forget to address the card.

**A recent** traveler has discovered that the ladies in the north of China bang their hair, and considering the conservative habits of the people, have probably done so for the last thousand years.

**Boston** is rejoicing over a tea-kettle which will hold two hundred and twenty-seven gallons, two quarts, one pint and three gills of the harmless beverage.

**The** theory has been started that since the usefulness of whales has largely diminished through the discovery of mineral oils for illuminating purposes, the animals might be domesticated and employed for towing ships.

**Paris**, it is estimated, contains 120,000 women who are dependent upon their needle for support. The highest rate of pay is about seventy-nine cents per day, whilst the average pay, when fully employed, is not over twenty-four cents for twelve hours' work.

**A Paris** correspondent says the following notice is posted in one of the fashionable clubs in that city: "Any member of the club humming or whistling a melody, or any fragment of a melody, a chorus, or any part of a chorus of the "Fille de Mme. Angot," will be fined one hundred francs."

**The** following is the secret of the "Baldwin apples." Take a slip of paper and cut children's names; then place the papers around the apples when they begin to color, and in a week or two, Mamie, Jamie, Johnnie, or Susie appears on the apples in large red letters. These, picked and barreled by themselves, bring fancy prices for the New York Christmas market.

**One** thousand cheeses, weighing from 300 to 600 pounds each, one weighing 1200 pounds, and one weighing 2200 pounds, were shipped from New York to England recently. This trade is yearly increasing, our exportations fairly driving the home article out of the market. There is scarcely a hamlet in England in which American cheese cannot be purchased at about half the price of the domestic.

**In** New York city, the other day, a lady, driving to her bank, drew $8,000, wound a handkerchief about the roll, entered her carriage, and was about to drive off, when a young gentleman rushed out of the bank, hatless and with a pen resting over his ear, apologized, and said there had been a miscount. The lady very politely passed back the roll, the clerk entered the bank, and that was the last she saw of the man and her money.

**Who Buy Our Produce.**—Most of our flour exported goes to the West Indies and South America, while our wheat goes to English ports, Antwerp and Lisbon. Our corn nearly all goes to English markets, while oats and corn meal go to the West Indies, and peas to Liverpool and Hamburg. Cheese principally goes to England, and a demand is growing up in Germany. Most of our lard which is exported goes to Germany and the West Indies.

**Next** spring one hundred English swells are coming for a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains. The hunt is to be organized on a magnificent scale. Twenty scouts, headed by Buffalo Bill, will chaperon them, and in addition to a vast retinue of servants, cooks, grooms and valets, they will be accompanied by a brass band, which will discourse sweet music as they gather about their camp-fire to partake of the evening meal of canned buffalo meat.

**Not at Home.**—In reply to a postal card intimating that the poll-tax is due, the following return has been made to the assessor's office, in one of the western districts: "The person to whom this card is addressed, departed this life some eight months ago, in the expectation of a home in glory, where the street-work has been permanently completed. If the hopes of his friends are well founded, it is hardly probable that he will ever again be accessible to poll-tax collections from this jurisdiction."

**A Sleeping Car Incident.**—A Pennsylvania lady engaged a berth in a palace sleeping car. When she was ready to retire she took from her satchel a gum bed, which she inflated and placed in the berth she was to occupy. It happened that her berth was very close to the stove, and the heat caused the gum bed to expand until the pressure got so great that it collapsed with a tremendous shock, and the passengers jumped out of their berths in their night clothes, thinking there was a collision. The force of the collapse threw the lady against the ceiling of the berth but did not hurt her.

**The Hair Trade in Germany.**—The highest-priced hair, we see it stated, is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound, but by the single hair, each being valued at about half a cent. The most valuable of the natural hues is pale gold; a switch of that color was displayed, valued at nearly one hundred dollars, even in that wholesale mart. The greatest curiosity at Wexlar was a switch of light-brown hair, measuring six feet in length, and for which one hundred dollars had been paid to the original owner thereof. This unparalleled braid is to be reserved for exhibition at our Centennial.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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1821

Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Jan. 30, 1875.

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## NEXT WEEK!

## A GREAT STORY,

ENTITLED

# GATHERING TO DOOM!

## A Romance of Philadelphia!

By EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "VILLETA LINDEN," "THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER," "GENEVRA ST. AUBYN," "BORDER LILY," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FORGED WILL," "BORDER ROVER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FEMALE SPY," "TRAITOR," "FOREST ROSE," "FAIR REBEL," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

In our Prospectus for 1875 we stated that, in addition to authors of admitted ability and merited popularity, whose names we then announced, contributions of powerful writers, new to the columns of the Post, had also been secured.

In compliance with that promise, and as evidence in part of what our readers may expect, we shall next week commence a Thrilling Serial entitled:

# GATHERING TO DOOM!

## A ROMANCE OF PHILADELPHIA!

By the Eminent American Author,

EMERSON BENNETT.

It is a native Story, in which the scene is laid in the city of Philadelphia, and the incidents detailed with that truthfulness of description which constitutes the great charm of the author's graphic and masterly style.

In writing this story, Mr. Bennett himself says that his intention was "to write a Novel which might please the general reader, and at the same time call the attention of the benevolent and sympathetic to the awful miseries and vices which exist in every great city. Of the characters, I need only say, they have their counterparts in real life."

This evidences a higher purpose than that of merely writing a thrilling tale, and he has labored to relieve and lighten the darker shades of a dark picture, without destroying the power of impressing the mind with the truth of a more terrible reality.

## GATHERING TO DOOM.

contains a moral, of which the reader never loses sight—that Crime, sooner or later, leads to Retribution; and that Virtue, even when exposed to the severest trials, eventually receives its reward.

Cheerfulness, or a joyous spirit, fills the soul with harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity; and when the end of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and spreading joy round about. Therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious, and full of holy advantage, whatever can minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.

## WORK.

BY J. C. B.

Strong gales keep the clouds from raining;
Work lulls the sad heart's complaining;
Through the task and the toil runs the yearning ache,
Yet duty grows dear for her own grave sake,
And muscles are stronger for straining.

Each life has some prize for gaining;
Each woe has a balm in its paining,
So we seek for it long in faith and prayer,
For the finger of God is everywhere,
While the days are dawning and waning.

Though the mildew its bloom is staining,
The rose has some scent remaining;
Through the darkest hour, still trust to the light;
What the hand has to do, let it do with its might—
Strong gales keep the clouds from raining.

## RETRENCHMENT.

### A STORY FOR THE TIMES

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"Is it not time for us to think of retrenchment, my dear?" said Mr. Livingston to his wife, as he reclined in the depths of a luxurious easy-chair before a glowing grate. "Retrenchment is the watchword now, and a very reasonable and seasonable one."

Mrs. Livingston looked inquiringly into her husband's face, and there was a shade of anxiety in the tone of her voice as she inquired:

"Is there a necessity for it in our case, my dear?"

"Not exactly a necessity, I am happy to say. It is rather a measure of expediency than necessity. Every man ought to ask if he cannot lessen his expenses at such a time as this. As I said, retrenchment is the watchword now."

"It ought to be with many, no doubt, but I cannot see why all should adopt it. Our expenses have ever borne a wise and reasonable proportion to our income, and you admit that even now there is no necessity for retrenchment."

"That is true. Still, I think, in these hard times, it is wise to cut off all unnecessary expenses. There is a propriety in doing so. Besides, the claims of charity will be great this coming winter. There will be an immense amount of suffering among the poor, and we should cheerfully economize that we may have more to bestow on the needy and suffering."

"There is something in that, certainly," said Mrs. Livingston, who was never very pertinacious in her opposition to any plan proposed by her husband. "But where shall we begin?"

"Have we not more servants than we really need? I think we might spare one or two without serious inconvenience."

After a thoughtful silence, Mrs. Livingston said:

"I could spare Mary. I really don't need her very much, though she is such a good, faithful creature, that I shall regret to part with her."

"If you can spare her without inconvenience, I think you had better send her away. Can't we find some other place to economize?"

"I might dismiss the girl who has done plain sewing for us for a month past. I told her I should want her two months, and I could easily find work for her that time; but I can do without her services very well, and I will dismiss her on Saturday night, if you think it best."

Mr. Livingston assented. Retrenchment in other departments was discussed, and various plans proposed, some of which were adopted, and others laid on the table for future consideration.

Three weeks later Mr. Livingston observed to his wife, with an air of comfortable self-satisfaction:

"My dear, I am more convinced every day that we were right in the plans we adopted three weeks ago. I can assure you it is hard times for poor people. A poor fellow came to me to-day. He was out of work, and six children to support. He told a pitiful story."

"I hope you helped him."

"Yes; I gave him twenty dollars, a portion of what we have saved by economy."

The next evening Mr. Livingston settled himself in his easy-chair with a grave and somewhat troubled look. The expression of his countenance was that of a man whose self-complacency had been seriously disturbed. Mrs. Livingston was quick to observe this. She waited some time for her husband to break the silence, but, seeing that he was not disposed to do it, she said:

"You look grave to-night, Edward. Has anything occurred to annoy you?"

"Not unless you call it annoyance for a man to discover that he has been acting unwisely and without due consideration, when he really supposed that he was doing a very wise thing."

"Is that your case, my dear?" said Mrs. Livingston, in a tone in which wifely sympathy and womanly anxiety were about equally blended.

"Precisely."

"Please explain yourself."

"You remember the plans for retrenchment adopted three weeks ago?"

"I do; and it was only yesterday that you were descanting on the wisdom of the proceedings of that evening."

"That is true; but I have learned since then this wisdom was folly, not to call it by a harder name. But I will tell you what has opened my eyes. You remember what I said to you about the poor fellow whom I assisted yesterday? This morning I mentioned the circumstance to my friend, Mr. Chase, as we were speaking of the hard times and the sufferings of the poor. To my surprise, he exclaimed, earnestly:

"'I would not have given the fellow a cent.'

"'Why not?' I inquired. 'Out of work, with six children to feed; is he not an object of charity?'

"'No; the fellow came to me with the same story a week ago. I pitied him, of course, and offered him work at low wages until he could do better. But he scornfully rejected the proposal. Now such a man I do not wish to help. There are hundreds who would gratefully accept of even moderate wages. I made him the best offer I could afford, and it would have kept his family from absolute suffering until the times are better.'

"'If I had known the fact you have stated, I would have kept my money for a more deserving object,' I replied.

"'My plan,' continued Mr. Chase, 'is to give employment to as many as possible these hard times. I believe it is the most benevolent investment of money, and will secure us from becoming the dupes of those who make the hard times an excuse for idleness and riotous gatherings.'

"'I suspect you are right,' I said, gravely and thoughtfully, for a new light was breaking in upon my mind.

"Half an hour after Mr. Chase left the store, his brother-in-law, Mr. Mills, came in.

"'Are you in want of a female domestic?' he inquired.

"'I am not,' I replied, 'but why do you ask?'

"'I met with a case of suffering yesterday that touched my sympathies. A poor girl, of neat and modest appearance, came into my store to inquire if I did not wish to hire her. On my replying in the negative, she eagerly inquired if I did not know of some one who wanted to hire. On again receiving a negative, the tear coursed down her pale, thin cheeks, for very pale and thin they were, and she turned away with a despairing ejaculation that went to my heart. I called her back and made inquiries into her circumstances. It was a sorrowful tale. Her father fell from the roof of a house three months ago, and was so injured that he has not left his bed since. She had two brothers and a sister, all too young to earn anything. Her mother had taken in sewing for the shops, and she had gone out to service, and they had managed to keep want from their door. But now she had been out of a place for three weeks, her mother could get no sewing, and they are starving. This last statement was fully corroborated by her own cadaverous appearance. I sent her to the house to get something to eat.

"'When I went home to dinner, my wife, with swimming eyes, told me about her call. When food was placed before her, she begged to be allowed to carry it home, instead of eating it herself, declaring that it almost broke her heart to think of poor Sammy and Charles and little Tiny, who had been crying for bread all the morning. When told to satisfy her appetite, while a basket was filled for her to take home, she fell at it as one half-starved, yet as soon as the basket was ready, she would remain no longer, but hastened with it to her starving family.'

"This tale of suffering, related by my friend, touched my heart. I learned from him where the poor family were to be found, and that very hour I repaired to their dwelling. Judge of my surprise when I found this girl was no other than Mary herself. Her dismissal from our service, at a time when situations are so difficult to be obtained, had brought a deserving family to the brink of starvation. Of course I relieved their present necessities, and told Mary to come back to us to-morrow morning. They overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude, but I felt more like a culprit than a benefactor."

"But you did not intend any wrong," said Mrs. Livingston.

"True; but I adopted a wrong course of conduct, without due consideration. Strange I did not use a little common sense, and ask myself what Mary would do if thrown out of employment at such a time. We began retrenchment in the wrong place."

"I observed that Mary looked very downcast when I informed her that we should require her services no longer. But Lucy Tilden looked even more sad than Mary."

"Lucy Tilden?"

"Yes; the girl who sewed for us."

"Ah, I remember now. Another sad mistake, very likely. Do you know where she lives? We must ascertain if she is suffering."

Mrs. Livingston was able to give the street and number of her residence. The next day Mr. Livinston made his way thither. His call was most opportune. As he ascended the stairs leading to the humble apartment of the sewing-girl, he heard, issuing from the room pointed out to him as Miss Tilden's, the rough, harsh voice of a man, and the sobs of a female.

The story was soon told. Lucy had been unable to obtain work since the day she was dismissed from the employ of Mrs. Livingston. She could not pay the month's rent of her room, and she and her little all were being ejected from it. Mr. Livingston hastened to repair the mischief of this second measure of retrenchment. The rent was paid, and Lucy was informed that there was plenty of sewing for her at the house of her old patron.

"I have learned a lesson," said Mr. Livingston to his wife that evening. "Not retrenchment, but wise expenditure, shall be my motto this winter. Let those who *should* and those who *must* retrench; but let those who have to spend, spend wisely and well. He who hoards up his Master's wealth when he should expend it, may be not less criminal than he who squanders it. Mr. Chase is right; I will follow his example, and give employment to as many as possible this winter, while I do not forget the suffering who are *unable* to work."

## SOME ONE TO LOVE.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs that we have of the soul's independence of the body is our great need of love, and something to love. Were we mere animals, creatures doomed to perish after a few brief years of life in this world, that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be enough. As it is, we may have all these things, and health to enjoy them, and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's cry. When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice; when people are harsh or unkind, we suffer. We begin life, wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but, as long as reason lasts, we must love some one, we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters, and brothers—that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us—these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterward come the little children, frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us. Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their empty-heartedness; for kindness will win love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps—on which they lavish caresses which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride, or morbid sensitiveness, may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little. Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every heart responds, the bond which will bind us all together in that other world, where love shall reign forever.

## STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

### No. 17.—MY GOOD GENI.

Am I always gazing from my window? Do I never look within? Indeed, I do so very often.

What is there in my room to attract my attention from the street and from my work? It is a geni—not one of those we read about in strange legends of a half forgotten lore, but a geni, nevertheless, and a very dear one to me, too.

My geni is a little five year old. A tiresome creature as many such genii are, but she has my love, and she knows it, and in her childish way she loves me in return.

What does she for me? She carries my slippers and my book. She tears and scatters my manuscripts, and litters my table with oddities fetched from heaven knows where!

How did I become possessed of her? That brings me to my story.

I was a bachelor then as now. One dreary, well-remembered winter's night I was sauntering carelessly along the road, taking little heed of outward circumstance, when my attention was attracted (I believe that is the correct phrase, as placed into the mouths of trembling witnesses by obliging short hand writers), my attention was attracted by some strange inward consciousness, to a graveyard near at hand.

The snow was ankle deep, knee deep in many places. There were no footmarks, and, to my knowledge, I had heard no sound, yet I stood against the railings and listened, expecting something that I knew would come. It was the moan of a woman—cold, frozen, half asleep, and in distress. A sound that I had heard, yet had not heard, and which I could localize on the repetition.

I worked my way through the snow to the spot indicated. My surmise was the correct one.

A poor woman with a baby in her arms (the latter carefully wrapped in the folds of her faded shawl,) was lying across an almost forgotten grave.

With such assistance as I could speedily obtain, I carried her to the nearest dwelling. After some little medical attention, the woman rallied. I had previously noticed something in her features terribly suggestive of "old times" to me, and when the blood returned to her pale cheeks, and her eyes were opened and her lips colored, I knew—but it was a great shock to me—I knew who this woman was.

She recognized me, too, and the newly-restored color faded from cheek and lips immediately. She had fainted.

Perhaps it will simplify my narrative if I may mention here that I have had my own love's history.

It was simply this: Charlotte Sturge and I were playmates in early youth. She attended the same school, our parents were great friends.

When "Charlie," as I called her, grew older, and I—well, I was seeking my own way in the world just then, when we had reached that age when love looks so bewitchingly, she had promised to become my wife.

But our paths widened strangely. I said to her one day:

"Charlie, when shall it be? I am not rich, but you have promised to share my fortunes. Why not begin now?"

She had been working for her living until then. I thought to free her from *that.*

"Oh, Harry," said she, "not yet, not yet."

She quivered and trembled so much that I thought she must have overtaxed her strength at her work, and was sick and needed comforting.

"Charlie," said I, soothingly, stroking her brown hair gently with my hand, but she seemed to resist even that, and struggled to escape my touch. "Charlie," said I, "I can make a home for you, dear. Marry me straight away."

"Harry," she answered, despairingly, "I cannot. Don't ask me. I must not tell."

I was vexed with her then. Heaven knows how much I have repented it.

"You are all against me," she said, impetuously. Then sadly she added, "Charlie, you deserve a better love than mine, and it is too late now. I cannot marry you. You will keep my secret if I tell it you? Promise me this."

She put the question so pointedly, so imploringly, I could not do otherwise than promise as she wished.

"I *am* married, Harry! God help me. A glamour was o'er my eyes, but I am wedded lawfully—to my sorrow and shame. I never looked upon you other than as a brother, I have known you so many years."

Yet from infancy I had loved her, and this was the end!

"Who is it, Charlie?" I queried. "You will confide in me—your brother?"

At first she shook her head, but I learned afterwards. It was Edwin Beale, the son of her employer, whom she had married secretly.

"Charlie," I said, reproachfully, "you should have told me this earlier."

"I know it," she replied, disconsolately. "What could I do? What could I do?

"Harry," she continued, with sudden energy, "this is a secret, mind."

"But why?"

"It is *his* wish."

She obeyed his wish unquestioningly then.

"Do you really love him so much, Charlie?" I said. "Is he worthy? I am your brother, love, remember; you may confide in me."

She hesitated.

Then with a wild look in her eyes, a look that inclosed the world in the coming thought, she answered:

"Love him! Not as I love you, Harry, but with a wild, fierce love that knows no boundary but death! I am an imprisoned bird. I bruise my head against the bars to drive their shadows from my sunlit cage."

"He loves you, Charlie."

"He is the sunlight that greets me, yet warns me of the shadows of the cage. I am only a poor working girl, and the thought troubles me. Forgive me for all the sorrow, Harry. Forgive me, and leave me now."

I lost sight of Charlie then. After a time she went away—quietly, secretly.

Then came rumors of another wedding, and Edwin's name was mentioned. Charlie was away.

For two years her name was never heard. Edwin Beale was dead. His wife was a wanderer. His wife! He owned her upon his death bed, but she was not present, nor knew they of her whereabouts at that time.

By some means the news of his death reached her. Then nothing could hold her back. After a weary journey she sank upon his grave, and heedless of the snow, and of her babe, and of all besides, she wept upon the stone, until heaven, pitying her tears, laid her senseless by his side.

* * * * *

"Harry," she said to me, "you loved me?"

"Charlie," I answered, using the old familiar word, "of course I did—and do."

"Then care for my child, won't you? I give her to you. You were my brother, remember, in those old times. If it was a boy, perhaps *his* father would love it for *his* sake; but it is a girl. Promise me that she shall not be theirs. They hated me—divided us."

For many, many weary months I grieved for my lost Charlie. But the little geni I have told you of (who answers to the name of Charlie, too) reminds me so much of those early days, when we were but very little older than my five-year old, that I sit and gaze upon her often, and fancy myself a little graceless being, too.

I have taught her to call me "uncle" (her mother was my sister in love, you know), and she comes to me now and says, seriously:

"Uncle Harry—printer's boy—copy please."

So just as I have written out her little story, my genii takes it to the printer's devil. Well, geni and goblins go together in ancient legendary lore.

## FRITTERED AWAY.

On the first day of January, how many of us might have said, "Another year has gone, and most of the resolutions formed at its beginning still remain unexecuted." For such omissions it is too much the habit with us all to excuse ourselves on the plea of a want of time; whereas, in truth, this is seldom a good and sufficient ground of justification. Nothing is easier than to fritter away time in matters of no use to ourselves or to any one else. The habit is so readily formed. It grows upon us unawares.

Keep a strict account of every hour of your own time for a single week, setting down correctly the exact manner in which every hour is spent, and see whether, when you come to review the record, you do not find it full of admonition and instruction. In this simple way one can readily understand the secret of his want of time. He will discover that he has given hours and hours to idle talk, to indolence, and to unconsidered trifles, which have yielded him neither profit nor pleasure.

What is the remedy? Arrange your work in the order of its comparative importance. Attend first to the things which are essential to be done, and let the unessentials take their chance afterwards. The difference in the amount of work accomplished will be astonishing. Duty before pleasure. Those who practise this precept have plenty of time for pleasure, and enjoy far greater satisfaction than those who reverse the rule.

## FLOWERS.

In some flowers there is a sparkle and a flash; they throw out petals rich in color and variegated in hue; they seem as if beckoning to you, intensifying your finer feelings, and charming your eye; but, on close communication with them, a something that you expected to find is not there; the colors are rich, but they lack sweetness. Another species, more sober in hue, of less variegated color, and possessed of softer light, draws you to its side; stooping low, you inhale from cup-shaped petals odors sweet, delicious, and enrapturing; closely scanning its delicate constructure, its purity and loveliness enthrall you.

So there is a difference of sentiment in the human race, as there is in flowers. Some people are all aflame and a glitter; they do not bear close scrutiny; the nearer you get to them, the less you esteem them. These are the flashy flowers of the garden, void of intrinsic sweetness. But there are those whom to know is to love, whose influence is for good, and whose companionship it is sweet to possess. These are the more sober colored flowers of the garden, and from their effulgence you gather all delightful harmonies as you journey on through life.

Oiling the Wheels.—The person who travels much on the cars cannot have failed to notice the man at every station who, with can in hand, goes about oiling the axles. If he did not do it, in a little while the friction would be so great it would set fire to the wheel, and ruin both car and engine. So it is with human life. It needs oiling with the sweet balm of human love and sympathy at every station. The New Year is one of the great stations where all stop to dine, and while we are dining let the oil can go round and lubricate the wheels of life, so they may run smoother. Thus will the New Year be made happier than the Old, and life be increased in value.

Man's Independence.—Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management! He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; may complain of intrusion and interference; but the frown is swept away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheeks of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

We should make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower; he steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

Books introduce us into the best society; they bring us into the presence of the greatest minds that ever lived.

## MY QUAKER HOUSEKEEPER.

BY G. DE B.

Quakertown, 5th Mo., 9th, 1870.

John Anderson—In answer to thy letter of the 1st instant I would reply: I am willing to take the position of housekeeper, offered by thee, on the terms mentioned in thy epistle, and I will be at thy place on the 20th of the month.

Sarah Elizabeth Morrison

"Business like, and to the point, certainly," thought I, as I lighted my cigar with the short little note I had just received.

I had been recommended by some friends, upon whose word I could rely, to leave this same "Sarah Elizabeth" in possession of my goods and chattels, while I went abroad to try and forget that the home I had lived in so long would never be quite the same to me.

The song sings truly, "What is home without a mother?" and mine was—gone now! And I wanted to go away from the dark, lonely house that had been our bright happy home ever since I could remember—just mother and I. It was only *I* now!

I suppose I was like all only sons—spoiled, any way, I was over thirty and had never seen the woman yet who could be to me what mother was; and I thought now I should never try to find one. I was a confirmed old bachelor, and had not the remotest idea of changing my condition.

I was to sail on the 18th, consequently the pleasure of seeing the prim old Quaker lady, who was to domineer over my domicile in my absence, would be denied me until my return. According to my friends' accounts, however, she was so endowed with all the virtues and accomplishments necessary to the *role* of housekeeper, that I had no fears but that my house would be well cared for.

During my sojourn in foreign lands, I was the recipient of several quaint, quakery, little letters from "Sarah Elizabeth," purely business or domestic, and always so short and laconic that I took quite a fancy to their unfeminine, sharp, business style.

"Now," thought I, as I read her last brief note, "if I had gotten some young woman as housekeeper, she would doubtless have essayed a flirtation on paper by this time, and made some sentimental allusion to my coming back to my empty home, etc., etc. This is sensible and to the point. 'I will have thy room in readiness for thy return at any time.' Yes, I like old Miss Morrison right well, and I'll see if she won't just stay on and keep house for me when I get back."

It was early summer when I returned to my home. The wisteria vine over mother's window was heavy with its purple clusters, and the whole place seemed to have put out its greenest leaves and brightest buds to welcome me back. Only the sweetest welcome of all, the dear face that used to stand at the window, that was missing now.

I had not written definitely when I should return, "about the first of May" I had said, and as my room was to be in "readiness for my return at any time," I felt no scruples in coming home unannounced. Therefore, I just walked across my lawn one evening after dark, and hearing music, peeped into my sitting-room window before ringing the bell.

I was not a little surprised at the music, and more so to see a young woman seated at my cabinet-organ playing, evidently an accompaniment to her thoughts, for the strain was as sad and sweet as was her face and expression.

Who could she be? A friend no doubt, a cousin or niece, perhaps, of Sarah Elizabeth's. She belonged to her sect, I judged that from her dress—some soft gray material that fell in folds about her slender figure, and her dark brown hair was brushed quite plain and coiled behind in a great knot. I could not see her full face, but the profile was good.

I concluded to ring the bell finally, and announcing my arrival to Miss Morrison, discover who this fair young relative of hers was. A little colored boy opened the door, and when, entering the hall, I said, "Tell Miss Morrison that Mr. Anderson has returned; but if the lady has retired, do not disturb her," I fancied I heard a startled exclamation in the sitting-rooms, and the music had ceased.

The boy came to my room presently, and said:

"Miss Morrison had not retired, but would give me my tea whenever I was ready."

I went down at once, considerably interested and certainly a little curious to see "Sarah Elizabeth," and her niece, too, I fancied I would like to know as well.

The niece was at the table when I entered the tea-room, but I saw nothing of Sarah Elizabeth.

The young woman rose to meet me, putting out her hand and saying, in a soft, low voice:

"John Anderson, I hope thee is benefitted by thy journey, and I trust thee will find thy home comfortable."

I took the hand—it was a firm, warm hand, and clasped mine fearlessly—and I stammered out like a great boy:

"I am quite well, thank you; but where is Miss Morrison?" and I looked all round the room for the Quaker cap and white neck-kerchief I had pictured "Sarah Elizabeth" as wearing.

"I am Sarah Elizabeth Morrison," answered the young woman.

"You! Why I thought she was an old—I didn't know——. I beg your pardon, miss, but I have labored under the impression that I should find Miss Morrison an elderly lady in caps," and I burst out now into a laugh at my ridiculous mistake.

She laughed with me, as she answered:

"I am sure I do not know what reason thee had to suppose so, although I believe I did restrict friend Hilles from telling thee I was *not* 'middle-aged' when I found thy letter distinctly stated that requirement. I hope, however, thee will pardon me that little deceit, when thee discovers that I have kept thy house quite as neat and orderly as though I did 'wear caps!'"

I was quite satisfied with Sarah Elizabeth without caps, and congratulated myself all the evening upon having such a pleasant, *youthful* face opposite me at table.

Well, it all turned out just as my friends had predicted among themselves that it would when I returned, and sometimes I suspect friend Hilles planned it in his quiet way. I'm sure I thank him heartily if he did! And, after all, I only did just as I had made up my mind I would do, before I ever saw her—ask Sarah Elizabeth Morrison to "just stay on and keep house for me!"

She consented, but she altered the two first syllables of her last name before she came, and now instead of "Morri," she writes it "Sarah Elizabeth *Anderson!*"

FAIRIES' COLUMN
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

## THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MRS. T. P. SMITH.

One evening, as a poor man and his wife, with five or six children, were sitting at the door of their cottage, one of the children said, "Oh, father, how poor we are! I do wish a good fairy would come and tell us where we might find a great treasure. I guess I would not sit all day idle any more, and have so little to eat."

No sooner said than done—a beautiful little woman, with radiant countenance, stood before them, who said, "Little boy, I heard your wish, and if you will obey my directions, you may find a great treasure." Then, turning to the man, she said, "A treasure lies hid in your grounds; if you will seek for it, you will find, and may have it; it is not three feet from the surface either; begin to-morrow to dig for it." She then went away.

The children clapped their hands for joy, and the man and his wife could hardly credit their ears that they had really heard such a thing; for they were very poor indeed; though the man had a large tract of land, it was uncultivated, yielded nothing, barely sufficient pasturage for a poor cow, which afforded them almost the only sure nourishment they had. They were poor, idle, discontented people, and the children half starved; so to be sure they were glad enough to hear the Fairy's words, and could hardly wait till the next morning to begin to dig. They were up with the sun; those that could get shovels dug with them, those that could not, worked with their hands. In a few days they had dug a considerable of a place over, and several times they thought they had come upon the treasure, but it was only stones; they went on so for several weeks, but had not found the treasure.

One night, as they sat at the door, the beautiful fairy again appeared. "Well," said she, "you haven't found the treasure yet! No matter, dig away, you'll find it some time or other; meantime, Mr. Goodman, you must not let these little folks starve; get some corn, throw it into that patch you have dug, and have some corn growing. I'll come again by and by—dig away, you'll find the treasure;" so she went away.

"That's a capital idea," said the father, "I'll get some corn, and plant there to-morrow." So he did, and as they dug for the treasure, it pleased them to see how soon the corn sprung up, and ripened, and what a crop they had; and the cornstalks made nice food for the cow, too. The mother dug for the treasure, sometimes, and having become accustomed to it, they all accomplished together quite a large piece in a short time; and soon the good fairy appeared again. She said "she knew they had not found the treasure yet, but she was afraid the young children had become tired of digging, and she thought they had better go into the woods, and get some wild strawberries, and put into the last piece they had dug; it was just the place to make strawberries very large, and it would please them; "but dig on," said she, "you will certainly find the treasure yet;" so the next day, the children went and brought home baskets of strawberry roots, and planted a nice bed of them; then they dug away again for the treasure.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece of the land, and had to pull up some old tree-stumps and stones, etc., round a large cherry-tree behind the house, and they were very tired. That night a traveler came that way, and had to stop there over night, they lived so far from any other house. As they had no barn, he tied his horse to this cherry-tree, and gave him his oats out of a bag he brought on his back. The traveler went away next morning, but in a few days they found that the oats the horse had spilled and scattered had sprung up in the nicely-dug ground, and they had a little field of oats! This pleased Mr. Goodman very much, and when the good fairy next appeared, he told her of it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "it would be a good plan to plant something in each place as you dig it;" she said the next time she came she would bring some seeds for them. So they had another object for which to dig beside the finding of the treasure, to see the things growing.

She was as good as her word, and brought the seeds, and they had dug so well they could plant a great many melons and other nice things which they never had before in their lives; and the soil was so good, and had been so nicely dug and turned over for the treasure, that the plants grew so rapidly and ripened so soon, that the next time she came she told them they had better stop digging a while, just till they could take care of the oats, strawberries, melons and other things. They had eaten as much of them as they wanted all the season, and sold some to the nearest houses, and now Mr. Goodman said they would go next week to the nearest market-town with the rest. So they went. The market people said the strawberries were the largest they had ever seen, and their melons brought the highest price; and the mother surprised them all by showing a cheese she had made from the milk of their cow, which had yielded twice as much, having had better feed. The three youngest children had carried each two baskets of strawberries (the baskets they made of willow twigs,) while the elder ones and their father were loaded with melons, pears, beans, corn, etc., and when they had sold some of them and come out of the town on their way home, a happier family never were seen. They all had a handful of money they had earned themselves! When they got home they sat round a table, and putting all their money upon it, sat looking in wonder and joy. They had never seen so much in all their lives before; they were so pleased, they had quite forgotten the treasure they had dug so hard and so long for, till the fairy put her head in at the door.

"How beautiful your farm looks!" said she, "and your cherry tree will bear bushels of nice cherries next season, now you have dug away all those stones and stumps from the roots. See how it is branching out, and what have you here?" looking on the table. "Money! silver! dollars! Ah!" said she, "did I not tell you there was a hidden treasure in your ground, that you would certainly find, if you dug for it? This heap of money is the least part of the treasure you have found by digging.

"Look how healthy you all have become! how industrious and useful your children have become—how hopeful and happy you all are! Look at your farm now; where was nothing but stumps and stones before you dug, is now a garden and fields! Yes, you have found more than *one treasure*—and now should you like to know my name? I am called 'Industry, or the Poor Man's Fairy.' I always know and tell where a treasure is, to all—children, even, if they will listen to my voice and words; adieu, adieu," and she kissed her hand and disappeared, leaving them still looking at *the treasure* they had found.

## DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

BY IDA FAY.

There was once a very ugly King in love with his cousin, one of the fairest princesses in the world. He was continually sending her presents; and he wrote her such elegant letters that she was quite charmed, and finally became so impatient to see him that she sent him word to expect her soon in his kingdom.

The young King was divided between fear and pleasure. He was anxious to meet her, and yet so afraid that she would find him hideous. He summoned all his followers, however, and told them to put on their golden armor. Then he piled a dozen wagons with diamonds, gold, satins, and velvet; but not daring to attempt to make himself look better, he wore only his hunting-dress.

The Princess, when she saw this great train approaching, was delighted at such a mark of respect; and when she was told that the wagons and all they contained were for her, she could hardly speak for pleasure, and looked eagerly around, first at one and then another of the handsome men in splendid armor, thinking that one of them must be the King, asking for him at the same time.

All this time she looked straight over the head of a little dark man, with an ugly nose, who was dressed in a hunting suit, and who seemed desirous to attract her notice; but when she asked for his majesty, the ugly little man bowed, and, taking her hand, raised it to his lips.

"Let go my hand!" cried the Princess. "Who are you?"

"It is the King!" said everybody, much alarmed.

"You!" exclaimed the Princess, "you the King?" And she turned her back on him.

"Madam," said the King, humbly, "I know very well——"

But the Princess stopped him short. She would not hear one word. He was hideous. She could not bear to look at him. She would not spend a night in his kingdom; and for his presents, he might keep them; and she departed in a rage.

The King sent the wagons after her, saying that he would never take back his gifts; and then he went, almost in despair, to a wise old fairy, who helped him whenever he was in trouble.

The fairy promised to assist him; and setting out after the Princess, in the disguise of a knight, she soon overtook the train; and, riding up to some of the principal of the Princess' followers, she began to say to them how easy it would be to seize on the wagons following the Princess, kill the Princess, and make themselves rich. These men heard her advice only too gladly; and riding up to the Princess' coach, they surrounded it.

"What is the matter?" cried the Princess, alarmed at the noise, and at the drawn swords around her.

But instead of answering, they burst open the door and dragged her out, striking at her furiously, though the fairy took care that none of the blows should hurt.

While they were striking at her, and the Princess was screaming, a man rushed out of the darkness and attacked her treacherous followers so furiously that they were obliged to drop the Princess; on which he caught her in his arms, and began to run with her toward the forest. Here a horse stood waiting for the stranger, who lost no time in vaulting into the saddle, though the Princess, who was half dead with fear, continually besought him to make haste. In this way they reached a castle, where the Princess was received with the greatest possible respect. Beautiful ladies were waiting to attend on her, and rooms were filled with magnificent dresses, all exactly fitting her, as if she had been expected; and, on asking, the Princess was told that this castle was the property of the man who had saved her life, and brought her there on his horse. All mention of his name, however, was carefully avoided, and though he appeared at table to wait on the Princess, he wore a mask.

The Princess was naturally very curious. She was also very much in love. She thought continually of how he had saved her from a horrible death, of the splendor with which he entertained her, and of his wit and good-humor at table, and his mask; and, as he continually refused to unmask, she grew very melancholy, and was often found in tears; till, seeing that she was truly unhappy, her unknown host said to her:

"I have only hidden my face because you once found it so hateful."

Taking off his mask, she saw the King; but, instead of turning away, she embraced him, saying:

"You are now the handsomest man in the world to me."

"Ha! ha!" giggled the friendly fairy; "how much there is in fancy, to be sure!"

THE BOYS IN BED.—Whoever has lifted the curtains of boys' alcoves, soon after their inmates have gone to bed, and has looked lovingly in, has seen a pretty sight. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently and evenly fanned by coming and going breaths; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside, are the day clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry; bulging with balls, or, in the lesser fellows, marbles, stained with the earth of many fields where woodchucks have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes, or the oozy bank of streams where muskrats have been tracked. Under the bed's foot lie the shoes—one on its side—with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; and there, in their little cells, squared in the great mass of light, heedless how the earth whiles away with them or how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow.

### LOVE AND LABOR.

BY E. S. A.

We die not all; for our deeds remain
To crown with honor, or mar with stain;
Through endless sequence of years to come
Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.

What though we perish, unknown to fame,
Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,
Since naught is wasted in heaven or earth,
And nothing dies to which God gives birth.

Though life be joyless, and death be cold,
And pleasures pall as the world grows old,
Yet God has granted our hearts relief,
For Love and Labor can conquer grief.

What though we mourn, we can comfort pain;
What if we die, so the truth be plain;
A little spark from a high desire
Shall kindle others, and grow a fire.

We are not worthy to work the whole;
We have no strength which may save a soul;
Enough for us if our life begin
Successful struggle with grief and sin.

Labor is mortal, and fades away,
But Love shall triumph in perfect day;
Labor may wither beneath the sod,
But Love lives ever, for Love is God.

# AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

**Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.**

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### CHAPTER XIX.

"Each went his way to his own land,
At his own pace
Each went to fill his separate place."

After a long, hard run, Henderson finds himself on the road leading out across the open country toward Paris. The land all about is still, so still in the white moonlight. Not a living creature is to be seen; he walks on unmolested.

It is so still, and the air is cold.

As he walks on, past silent, unlighted, and seemingly forsaken houses, he hears a wagon rumbling after him along the white road.

He falls quickly back into the shade of a great chestnut-tree, whose branches overreach the narrow walk; but he has no need to do so. It is only a poor farmer riding home from market, half asleep. When Karl steps out into the light again, the farmer sees him and regards him with surprise. Then noting the dress he wears, he asks him to ride. Henderson, in reply to the old man's questions, says that he put the dress on to escape a great danger, and after that they jog along in silence. The people of France have not much heart to talk in these days, for is not their green land stained brown with flame?

Presently they stop at the gate of a house, in whose lower windows a light shows. The man asks Karl to enter, and they go in together. A fair-haired girl, with a voice sweet as the note of a wood-lark, and a face fresh as a wild rose in June, comes forward to meet them.

"Thou hast come back at last, my father," she says, as she kisses the old man.

"Thou mayst be sure it was not for pleasure I stayed," answers the old man, gravely. "I waited to see the soldiers go. But, Marie, has't thou not a bit of bread for us? We are famished."

The young girl hastens to put brown bread and milk on the table. The old man asks Karl, courteously, to eat with him of the coarse food, and Karl, with fine instinct feeling that a refusal will be taken as an act of rude churlishness, takes a few mouthfuls of the homely fare.

Marie hovers about the table. There is an undefinable grâce in her movements. Her figure is as light and slender as a reed, and her fair, gleaming hair falls far below her shoulders.

"You said that you saw the soldiers to-day, my father?" she asks, hesitatingly, as she fills the old man's glass with milk the second time.

"Ay! it was a sorry sight, a sorry sight!" and he shakes his gray head mournfully. "There have been many sad partings to-day. Fathers and sons, maidens from their sweethearts. I pray that I may not live to see another such a day."

"And Victor," says Marie, anxiously. "What of Victor?"

"Victor has gone, too," her father answers, gravely. "Victor has gone with his comrades to fight the battles of his dear country. I saw them tear him from his mother's arms, and I saw Dame Marsac lying prone in the street, with her gray hair sweeping the stones, when the conscript soldiers marched by."

As the old man speaks these words, all the lovely wild rose color that makes Marie's face so charming, flutters out of sight, her cheeks grow white, her blue eyes strain wide open with horror, and then, with a little piteous cry like the plaintive pipe of a dove when hurt, she drops to the floor. As she falls, her head brushes Karl's arm, and all her pretty bright hair drifts over his feet as she lies there in a heap on the cold white boards.

Karl stoops to raise her, but the old man pushes him rudely aside.

"Forgive me!" he says, humbly, "but she is all that is left to me now. Marie! Marie! look up, my precious! my little one! Look up and kiss thy old father! Open thy pretty eyes! Live—ah, she lives! she is better!"

His tears, his cries, his frantic kisses would in truth have called life into marble. Marie opens her sweet eyes and looks about her with a shiver.

"Victor! Victor is gone!" she cries, with a burst of tears, as she turns her face on her father's shoulder. "They have taken Victor from me!"

"But he will come back," the old man answers, eagerly. "Meanwhile thy old father is left to thee; he loves thee so dearly—and by-and-by Victor will come home again to his mother and thee!"

But Marie bows down her pretty fair head uncomforted.

"He will never come back! I shall never see him again!"

"Hush, Marie!" interrupts Karl, who has been listening, more moved than he would have cared to own by her artless grief. "He will come back. Victor will do his duty as a good citizen should, and then he will come back to you again."

"Do you think my Victor will come back to me? Are you sure?"

"We can never be sure of anything. But is it not better always to hope for the best?"

"Ay!" chimes in Marie's father. "It is better always to hope for sunshine tomorrow instead of storm. God doeth all things well, my Marie, and if it pleases Him to bring thy lover back to thee he will return."

But Marie is not at all satisfied with this equivocal consolation. There is nothing sure about it, and meantime the dreadful fact remains—that her Victor is gone! Victor to whom she was to have been wedded when the sweet lilac blossoms began to scent the grassy lanes of spring.

"You do not know!" she cries, beginning to weep anew. "You only tell me what perhaps may be. I know that in the summer, Jeanne Michel's sweetheart was taken, and he was killed in August, and now Jeanne has gone mad. She raves and cries day and night, always."

"But there are many who do return, Marie," says Henderson, consolingly, "I, too, was in the war once. I fought in many battles. I saw many brave men fall about me, but I was spared to return."

"To your sweetheart?" asks Marie, becoming at once interested, and perking her head on one side like a matronly robin. "You had a sweetheart, surely. And was she very glad—very happy?"

But Karl shakes his head with a faint half smile of denial. A dark flush tinges his forehead, as he meets the frank, guileless gaze of Marie's wide opening eyes.

"I had no sweetheart, Marie. No one to pray for me as you will pray for Victor."

Marie's bright face clouds and falls. "No sweetheart? And her voice is full of tender commiseration. "Ah, but that is sorrowful. You had a mother, then, or a sister. Some one to love you."

"My mother died when I was a child," Karl makes answer, quietly, "and I never had a sister."

"No mother! no sister!" repeats Marie softly, her blue eyes full of tender tears.

Early in the morning he goes on his way. Old Josef puts the best the war has left him on his scanty table for his guest. Then he bids him "God speed," while his hard old hand hovers like a wounded bird, over the money Karl gives him.

"If I were not so poor!" he sighs, in wistful apology.

"You must take it for Marie's sake," Karl urges, and the old man hesitates no longer.

Marie hovers about him with childish grief at parting. Her cheeks are faded with the tears she has shed for Victor through the lonely night. The cold, gray morning light makes her shudder, for she thinks of Victor marching through it over the desolate fields, and along the wreck-strewn roads towards Seine.

"Are you going to Paris?" she asks. "If so, if you should chance to meet my Victor, tell him I pray for him every hour in the day. Tell him, too," she whispers, mysteriously, "that he and I may meet soon."

"I cannot tell where I may go," Henderson answers, gravely, and not particularly heeding the significance of her last words. "I am a solitary man, drifting here and there, as the wind blows. I most likely shall not see your lover, Marie, but if I do, I will give him your message. It will be as fate directs."

"Nay!" interrupts old Josef, who has been listening. "Do not call it fate, my friend. There is a good Providence that watches over thy steps wherever thou may'st go!"

"Do you think so?" Karl makes answer, doubtingly.

"Believe it, surely. Thou can'st not go one step astray but what good angels weep for thee. There is a wise God who watches over thee and me, over my little Marie here, and over Victor who is far away. How can'st thou doubt it for a moment?"

Henderson is moved by the old man's words. He thinks of them afterwards, thankful that he heard them, and wonders, in darkest hours, if old Josef's faith is steadfast enough to buoy him out through the clouds that darken round him to the end.

Later in the day, after a fatiguing walk, unrelieved by pastime of rest or dinner, Henderson sits on the broken wall of an orchard, wondering what chance wind he can depend upon to blow him to Havre. While he muses, a troop of soldiery sweeps by. They are conscript, sad-eyed, sad-hearted Frenchmen, sent on to the relief of Paris—beleagured Paris.

Henderson is borne along with the tide, such as a single dry stalk in summer is licked up by a drowning flame. He does not much care, in his present despondent state of mind, what becomes of him. As well be shot dead on a battle field as to go back and put his neck in a noose. But as they draw near the border line of war, the rush and whirl of action rouses him from his lethargy. They pass groups of women and children weeping by the roadside, most of them carrying household goods. The farmhouses are but heaps of smoking ruins, everywhere is desolation.

The next day they halt in a half deserted village. The weary soldiers rush to the wine shops, and as Karl stands listening to the tumultous shouts, a small, slight lad passes and halts near him. Karl looks, hesitates and looks again. The lad's fair hair blows in the wind. He lifts his cap; surely Karl knows the flower-fair face.

"Marie!" he calls aloud, softly.

The lad looks about him with a frightened, guilty air. Then, seeing Karl, he runs to him and clings about him.

"You here, Marie!" Karl says, bewildered. "And in this dress."

"I came to see Victor," she sobs. "I could not stay at home. I should have gone mad."

"I think you are mad now, poor child. Do you know what danger you are in? Great heaven! a girl like you in this crowd."

The passing soldiery halting, jeer at them in drunken amusement. But she does not heed them. She is straining her wide blue eyes through the sunlight; down the street a group of blue and scarlet advance leisurely.

"I want to see Victor!" she cries, vehemently. "I must see him. He passed this way only a few moments since. Ah! there he is!"

She points to an advancing figure, a large, fair-faced young man, with round, red cheeks and good-natured eyes. He is talking to a comrade, and does not look to right or left.

"Ah! he does not see me!" bursts out Marie, passionately. "He will go by, he will not speak to me. Victor! Victor! it is I, Marie!"

Henderson draws her quickly back into the shadows of a doorway. The drums begin to beat, the crowd gathers, while Marie struggles passionately in his grasp.

"Marie! you must not speak to him here."

But she does not heed him. With a fierce effort, exerting all her strength, she breaks away from him, and running into the street, she flings her arms about the fair-faced young soldier.

"Victor! Victor! it is I—Marie!" she cries, eagerly.

The jeering crowd peers wonderingly around them. They jostle rudely as they lean forward with brutal curiosity.

"A sweetheart! A sweetheart!" cry a dozen voices. "The lucky fellow has got a sweetheart come after him, and he does not even give her a kiss."

Meantime, Victor looks down on the frantic girl who clings to him and weeps, with an expression of stolid surprise.

"Marie!" he says, slowly, "is it thou; poor child?"

Then the crowd drifts between them, and Henderson sees her no more.

After that he walks from street to street to find her. The latent chivalry of his nature revolts at the thought of leaving the poor child there, un protected. But his search is vain.

Night passes! They are swept on toward Paris; there is the smoke of guns, the crash of falling walls, the lurid light and noise of battle. He recalls that day afterward, as he would a hideous nightmare.

It is a consolation greater than he knows at this dark time to recall old Josef's words: "There is a good God who watches over us—always!"

Henderson is vaguely sensible, too, that his own life is blindly sought for. Once as he stands by a smoking wall, looking down into a cellar, where a heap of dead bodies lies, a wild-eyed, blood-stained figure, clad in blue and scarlet runs up and thrusts a lighted torch in his face. He looks a moment, and then flinging the torch away draws a knife.

"I have found you at last! Die, dog of a spy!" and rushes on him.

Henderson flings up his arm, too late. His fate would have been sealed then, his life which a little time ago he has thought of so lightly, given to the steel, when a chance bullet stands his friend.

The man with hand still uplifted tumbled headlong into the cellar, adding another to the ghastly heap collected there; and sick at heart, quivering in every nerve with horror, Henderson rushes away.

But who is it seeks his life? he asks himself over and over. What enemy has he that thus persistently dogs his steps, that follows him from place to place, thirsting for his blood? Is it the same one that sent the mysterious letter to the prefect in Arras, accusing him of murder, recommending him to the tender mercies of the law?

That night on the hard couch he has secured, Henderson tosses restlessly. Through the window the moonlight streams full and fair, lighting the room gloriously. Then as he sleeps worn out and restless, he seems to see Nellie's face beside him.

She is very pale, and she looks at him entreatingly; it is the same look that she turned to him that night in Frank Shrewsbury's house; tender, entreating, sorrowful. She seems, as she looks at him, to beckon, gliding from the room. In his sleep, in his dream, he follows her, out into the night, past the rude soldiery, past the smouldering walls. He cannot hear her footsteps, but her face is always there on the level with his own; she leads him on till suddenly she stops before a defaced, dismantled church which Karl remembers entering that day, noting its shrine befouled, its altar stripped.

As Henderson waits silently wondering, Nellie, with a last warning, entreating look at him, points downward to the pavement, and then disappears.

Henderson wakes out of his sleep, startled and confused. All is quiet in his room. He hears the tramp of the guard without, the ringing of a bell. As he listens, he falls asleep again; and again he dreams his dream over. When he wakes he walks to the window and looks silently out into the starry heaven.

Karl Henderson is the last man to believe in dreams, signs and omens.

A week ago, a day ago, he would have laughed in the beard of any prophet that would have predicted his being moved by so slight an incident as his dreaming a dream twice over; but now behold him dressing himself quickly, and going out into the open night.

There is not much of the stillness of ordinary night about him. He hears the tramp, tramp of the soldiers; fire and smoke follow in the trail of the enemy. Along the streets dead bodies are still lying, heaps of blue and scarlet, quivering ghastly in the moongleam. He hears not far off, discordant voices singing the old revolutionary songs of France,

"Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
In fire and flame France always rules—"

Henderson shudders. He thinks of Marie; he does not want to think of her either; she was such an innocent child; he dares not reflect on what her fate may have been; he thinks of old Josef, wonders if he still keeps unmoved that sublime faith in the good God who watches over him and his.

As he stands there a bareheaded woman runs up to him, holding out a baby in her arms. The woman is young, and was pretty once; but the fire of insanity is now in her eyes, and the baby is dead.

"It is only a year old," she says, looking piteously in his face, "and it is starved to death!"

Then, before he can say anything, she rushes away through the darkness, with a cry like a hunted fury.

Henderson walks quickly on. He is utterly unnerved. Suddenly he finds himself in front of a church—the church of his dream. One battered tower still stands, with a line of glittering fascade to the east; but the great portals yawn empty, huge, and cavernous. On the pavement before it lies the body of a dead soldier, one leg doubled up under him, and an arm thrown out over the cold, stained stones.

Henderson looks closer. Surely he knows that good-natured, expressionless face. It is Victor. The wide-open eyes stare up at the gleaming stars, the gleaming stars look down into the wide-open eyes. They kiss, with ghastly light, the full, round cheeks which the warm blood of life will flush again now, nevermore.

Another body lies half across this one—a slight figure. The young soldier's arm is about it; and all its gleaming, fair, outspread hair is dabbled and matted with Victor's blood. Henderson, shivering with a horrible fear, turns up the face to the light. It is little Marie.

He sits down for a moment on the pavement, utterly unmanned; then he springs up with nervous eagerness, and begins to tear her away from that terrible embrace. As he does so, he hears a step, a rustling sound behind him. He looks around mechanically.

Surely he must be mistaken. Here, close behind him, is a figure—the face and figure of the man who attempted his life once before, and whom he had left for dead in the cellar, shot by a stray bullet. This time, too, the man carries a knife uplifted in the air. He looks at Henderson with the fierce, triumphant eyes of brutish hate.

"You escaped me once!" the murderer hisses. "You won't escape me, now. Ah! I have watched you. When one of our order dooms a man, he dies. Heaven nor hell can't save him. Now die!"

Henderson still kneels, looking with a fascinated gaze up into those wolfish eyes. He cannot stir—cannot help himself. He is conscious of feeling a dull wonder why this man should thirst for his life so vindictively. Then the swift steel descends. Then one figure rushes away into the night, and one falls forward, adding another to the heap of ghastly slain.

"Ah, *ca ira, ca ira.* In fire and flame France always rules."

### CHAPTER XX.

A horizon of ever-gathering blackness, cleft here and there with chasms of lurid flame. In his ears are maddening sounds, shrieks, recurring at times faint and thin, as one could fancy the sighs of those who die deaths of starvation; cries of little children wandering in the night, and mingled with them, saddest of all, woman's maniac laughter.

Sometimes he is drifting on plunging seas, tossed mountain high on peaks of seething foam. Then the rent waves let him down, and into crunching waters drift him, despite his struggles to escape, on and on, into the yawning jaws of awful submarine monsters.

So life and death seem to play with Karl Henderson, and toss him back and forth as if he were a ball between two merry gamesters. And when, at last, after days and nights of grotesque and half-unconscious torment, he crawls back to the border land of reason, he is so weak, so worn and thin, it is well that hope does not pass him with her fanning wings, else she might blow out the faint, fluttering, and uncertain spark of life left in him.

He opens his eyes one morning, and finds himself in bed, in a great, bare room—bare, but very sunny. He looks about the white walls with a faint sort of wonder, too faint to arouse within him any curiosity to know where he is; but he is evidently alone; there is no one with him in the room. Yes—some one. A figure, startled by his ever so slight movement beneath the coverlets, comes forward, and stands by the side of the bed, looking down at him.

A figure with a girl's sweet face, pinched and wan and thin, with reddened eyelids, and fair tangled curling hair falling to the shoulders. Karl is conscious that this face, which shines with tears now, as it looks at him, is a familiar one, but whether he has known it in this life that he is living now, or in some other far off life that he has lived before, he cannot answer. He is too weak to think, and, as for speech, he has forgotten even how to make the effort. He feels thirsty, and, seeing water standing in a glass in the window at the farther side of the room, he reaches out a weak hand for it, like a child that does not know how to measure distance.

The girl sees the movement he makes, and, going to a table, pours for him a tumblerfull of pleasant, sweet, and acid liquor. He watches her while she returns the little he leaves back into the bottle, as if it were something very precious and very difficult to be got, and so watching her, he falls asleep again.

When he wakes the second time he is stronger, and quite conscious. The room is still sunny, but with this difference, that the light now shines from the west instead of from the east. The pretty, pale girl is still with him. She is bending over a charcoal fire, busy at cooking something in a saucepan. She does not see that he is awake.

Karl watches her a moment, sniffs the fragrance of the simmering stuff—it is rather pleasant, he thinks, wondering what it is—then he calls her name softly, aloud.

"Marie!"

Maire looks quickly up; quickly puts the saucepan into a position where its precious contents may not come to grief; then coming to the bedside, she takes his hand, with a little pleased sort of moan, and kisses it.

"Thank the good God!" she sobs. "Thank the good God, you know me!"

Karl looks at her pinched face curiously a brief while, then:

"Marie!" he says, solemnly, "will you please tell me whether I am alive or dead!"

Marie shakes her pretty fair head with something of a frightened expression.

"You are alive now, surely; but you have been very near to death. There were days and nights when they told me it was not possible you could live them out; you must die, die! it was all the time you must die, the doctor said. But I would not have it so. I prayed; every hour I prayed that you might live. And you did live!" triumphantly.

"Thanks to you, I see, you blessed child." He looks at her pinched, starved figure, at the bare walls with the evening sunlight flowing in upon them like a line of ever rippled yellow water.

"And where are we, Marie?"

"Surely, in Paris. We could not get out if we wished ever so much," she answers, with wide-opened eyes.

"Ah!" He is silent a moment, thinking. He looks at her black dress, and slowly, slowly memory and the things of other days come back to him.

"Marie, where is Victor?"

The pent-up tears, forgotten for a time, overflow at the sound of that loved name, the sweet lips quiver; the flower-fair face is convulsed with a keen, though childlike grief.

"Victor is dead, monsieur. He is buried in the horrible trenches. I saw it. Oh, it was horrible!—so horrible when they threw in the cold earth on his face! I tried to find something to cover it, but there was nothing—I could not shield him!"

Marie hides her face in the thin, outspread hands, and weeps convulsively.

"Poor child! poor child! And I might have been there, too, but for you."

Karl takes her small, slender fingers in his own sickness-wasted ones.

"And have you been here all alone with me, Marie? Has there been no one to stay with you, and help you nurse me?"

Marie blushes, softly and beautifully, the faintest tinge of pearly pink that ever woke a white rose into color.

"There is an old man down below. He is very good. He comes every day, and the doctors and the Sisters of Charity. They are all very good. They would have wished to carry you away after I had you brought here, but the doctors said you would die if moved."

Karl is greatly moved by her words and manner; by her pure and sisterly affection. Tears come to his eyes, and trickle down and fall upon the wasted fingers on the coverlets. He is so weak; so very, very weak.

"And how long have we been here, Marie? How many days?"

Marie reflects, counts on her fingers, then looks perplexed, and smiling, shakes her head.

"I cannot tell. There were so many days and nights at first, when everything was so terrible—so confused—and I was so frightened."

"But what day is to-day?"

Marie does not know that, either. All days are alike to her now. She cannot see any difference in them. And, as for Sundays, she has made each day as it passed a day of prayer, therefore, what different would Sunday be to her from any other day?

"Do you know," she asks, suddenly, in a whisper—"do you know, monsieur, what it was that woke me to life that night when you were hurt? It was the blood from your wound gushing over my face when you fell forward. Oh!"—and little Marie shivers—"I can never forget it—such a fearful baptism!"

"Poor child!" he says again—"poor little Marie! You have had a fearful experience. It would have been far better for you if you had stayed quietly at home with your father."

"But then you would have died," she returns quickly, "for the doctors all say you would have died but for me. Oh, no! no! it is better that I came here to save your life."

"Well, Marie, whether it was well or ill for you, you have succeeded in placing me under a great obligation to you. And let me tell you, little one, it is no small weight on a man's mind, owing such a debt as that to another. How am I ever to repay you?"

Marie smiles, well pleased, but does not answer. She sits on the bedside, looking a very small person, indeed, to carry a great weight of responsibility on her slender shoulders. Then remembering her saucepan, and feeling, perhaps, the least bit hungry, after so much sentiment, she jumps down and runs to look after it. The action recalls Henderson to a sense of wonderment about ways and means which have not occurred to him before.

"Marie," he asks, suddenly, "how have we lived since I have been ill?"

Marie turns white and red. Her lips quiver appealingly. She hesitates to answer.

Henderson watches her with wonder. An uneasy doubt takes possession of him.

"Come here, child," he says, authoritatively. "Come here at once and tell me what you have done. It is better that I should know."

She puts the saucepan carefully down and comes obediently forward, but very slowly. She stands beside him pink and guilty, the prettiest, most innocent sinner that was ever judged by lordly man.

"What is it?" he asks, his voice softening as he sees tears swimming in and ready to drop from the pleading blue eyes. "Tell me at once. And don't look so frightened, child."

Thus encouraged, little Marie confesses her sins.

"There was some money in your pockets. I found it when your clothing was removed. I took care of it, and indeed, indeed I was compelled to use it. I had nothing. I should not have touched it else, and so many things were needed."

Marie finishes, breaking down with a tempest of sobs and convulsive quiverings of her slight figure. Henderson's relief is so great.

He draws the bright head to his shoulder, for Marie has fallen on her knees, and so remains with her face hidden in his pillow.

"Do you mean to say, dear child, that you are trying to apologise for having made use of my money in taking care of me? Why you did what was, of all things, most proper and just. There, dry your tears."

Marie thus reassured, wipes her eyes and goes back to her soup.

"You are quite sure I did not do wrong?" she stops to ask.

"Quite sure. Indeed, Marie, if you had not used it, but had let me die for want of the comforts which a little money would have procured, I am not certain but I should have come back from my grave to accuse you of your naughtiness."

Marie laughs and pours out the soup, which if it be not ordinarily palatable is not quite the fault of the little cook, but rather of the commissary department. But while Karl is tasting it a thought suddenly occurs to him. He drops his spoon, with an anxious face.

"There were papers in my pockets, Marie. Did you secure them when I was brought here? Do you know where they are?"

Marie shakes her head positively. There were no papers about monsieur; there was nothing but money and his watch. She kept everything. The watch ticks on the table, the money she has used mostly. There were papers on Victor's body, she says, tearfully, and papers on the bodies of his comrades; six of them whom she made ready for the grave in the horrible trenches, straightening their limbs and closing their eyelids down with a woman's tender hand.

"The papers are here," she says, and she brings them and lays them on his pillow. "I thought, you know, it would be well to send them home to their mothers and sisters. They will prize them so much."

His papers gone, but his watch and money left. Here is food for thought, and Henderson's brow grows dark. Was it the purpose of his enemy to destroy all evidence of his identity? For it is all too plain that plunder was not their object. So thinking, he turns to his soup.

It is a happy day for him when he first goes out into the sunny street, leaning first on Marie's arm, then soon getting strong enough to walk alone. His thoughts begin to turn with wistful longing towards home. But what shall he do with Marie when he goes. The possession of this child-woman troubles him. She loves him with such an unreserved affection; she clings to him so confidingly and helplessly, that there are times when he is half afraid of her.

"I shall go with you then," she says, confidingly, when he tells her of his plans. "I shall see your home in that far-off land. Ah! I am so happy."

And putting her arms about his neck, she kisses him.

"But, Marie, dear child," he says, with some confusion, "will not your father wish you to come back to him?"

"I have no father now," she makes answer, weeping. "He is dead!"

Henderson muses, holding the tiny, clinging hand in his.

"I have no mother, no sisters," he says, "but I have a friend, a very sweet and lovely lady with whom I think I can find you a home where you will be happy. Will you go to her?"

"I have not a friend here," sighs Marie; "no one to give me a home now, and I love you. Why should I stay here alone, then? I will go with you."

Henderson passed safely out of Paris through the enemy's lines, and with his pretty companion by his side, after many vicissitudes, his face is homeward turned at last. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

# WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

# The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

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## CHAPTER LII.

### THE ARREST.

"Mr. Ward. This is a surprise to your friends, I know," said the detective, in his brisk, jerking tones. "Now you will have the courage to say you are ignorant even of the nature of the charges of which that young lady was speaking as I entered, I feel sure."

"Indeed I shall!" cried Walter, warmly.

"Whatever they may be, gentlemen," said Stewart Roscoe, now stepping forward and speaking for the first time, "I feel confident, with this young lady, that there must be some mistake."

"Now that is *your* opinion," resumed Mr. Jarvis, dismissing the stranger's observation with a snap of his fingers. "Better listen to those of his older friends."

"Some old cheat, who was to have shared his villainy with him," said Cecil Dupre, insultingly. "Mr. Jarvis, I hope you are here to take them into custody."

"In a moment," returned the officer, smilingly. "Now, Mr. Ward, don't snap your eyes at me, sir. They are more attractive to the ladies, with their softer expression, I am sure; and I don't mind them either way. But promise to listen to what I have got to say, as coming from an officer sworn to the discharge of his duty—however painful that may be."

"I am attentive, sir," replied Walter, more calmly, as he glanced for one moment at Evelyn, who had glided to her father's side, and now stood encircled by his arm, with a flush of eager, tearful expectancy upon her cheeks.

"Now then, Mr. Ward, if I may proceed," resumed Mr. Jarvis, persuasively, "you will *not* deny having heard about the five thousand dollars that disappeared from your desk, with some changing of figures, just before you went away?"

"But that was all a mistake," broke in Walter, quickly. "The cashier proved it to be so, in the presence of Mr. Leslie and Mr. Danvers."

"All a little *ruse* of ours, Mr. Ward; only a little trick," resumed the officer, glancing quickly around, and noticing that Mr. Dupre had turned suddenly very pale, "to enable us the better to discover the real culprit. And you perhaps remember likewise a box brought in by Captain Washburne, when he had made out his returns from the East Indiaman, and placed also in your desk, on the day before you sailed?"

"I remember distinctly."

"Well then, sir, when the East Indiaman had been gone two days, it was discovered that *ten thousand dollars was missing from that box!*"

"In case you supposed I had taken them with me, I warn you to keep out of my way from this hour," replied Walter, addressing the detective, and then looking to Mr. Leslie, who stood with lips half parted, in curious expectation of some unlooked for development.

"Now pray don't be rash, Mr. Ward," replied Jarvis, shaking his head at him with a frown of deprecating entreaty. "And remember, *if you please*, that *I* am only treating of these matters as I am sworn to do in my official capacity. You *must* bear me repeat then that the ten thousand dollars was really gone. And it was supposed by Mr. Dupre here, for instance, that Mr. St. Julian Manning had taken it."

"It is false!" cried Walter, indignantly.

"So it was proved at once," continued Mr. Jarvis, composedly. "Unless he may have been, as was suggested, *particeps criminis*. Now then, you see, you had been at the desk, Mr. Dupre had been there, Mr. Manning had been there. But you were far out at sea, and could not be heard from in months, if ever you were. To charge you with them might never injure you at all, because neither you nor the people to whom you were going need ever hear from it; and so the crime was fastened upon you, without contradiction. Stand back, Mr. Ward, you may get yourself into trouble. And it was I who took the responsibility of putting the burden squarely upon your shoulders, that I might the more readily take it off to the satisfaction of all parties in the end. The missing money had all been taken down, numbers, signers, etc., which we did not tell. There had been a hundred $100 notes, making the snug sum of ten thousand dollars. One of these bills was passed from a mercantile house six months ago, but it was in the busy season. They had taken in dozens every day, and could not tell who had brought it. One had been received at a railway depot, in purchase of a ticket to New Orleans. The man was unknown, and had reached his destination before we knew it. Fifty others were in circulation in distant places. And—*Mr. Dupre, let us see, if you please, if you have not one in your pocket, at this very moment?*"

All this had been related in his usually quick, energetic style, until Cecil Dupre attempted to pass him toward the door, when the detective, with a sudden spring, clapped one of his powerful hands, like a vice, upon each of his arms.

"Unhand me, ruffian!" cried Cecil, hoarsely. "What means this insult? You are bribed by that villain Ward, and his thievish-looking companion, whoever he may be, with the money they have stolen!"

"It means that you are my prisoner," said Mr. Jarvis, in a loud tone, as Cecil, recovering the momentary use of one hand by a violent effort, attempted to draw a pistol. And at the same instant, as though the words had been a concerted signal, two agents of the police entered the room, almost before any one had had time to breathe, and placing themselves on either side of the culprit, had him securely pinioned, while the rest were looking on in stupified amazement.

"For heaven's sake, will some one explain this?" cried the old man, who had as yet been but a silent spectator of these novel proceedings. "Rochester Leslie, I am *Stewart Roscoe*, your old friend—brother to that unfortunate Douglas Roscoe, who wrought his own ruin, and died in disgrace in Australia ten years ago! Do you mean to tell me that I have come back to scenes of civilization to find *another* of my unfortunate relatives a scoundrel and a thief—for this boy is the grandson of that Douglas Roscoe?"

"Is this a dream, or not?" murmured Mr. Leslie, incredulously, clasping his arm yet tighter about his daughter's waist, while she had hidden her face upon his bosom. "It is impossible that Eugene Danvers could have married the daughter of Douglas Roscoe and Mary Dessieux."

"As heaven is above us, he married no other," said the stranger, sadly.

"And Philip Danvers never told me," said Mr. Leslie. "Ah! now I know the meaning of his proud silence with regard to his son's marriage, and his seeming mistrust of poor Eugene's stepson. He feared the blood. But explain all these mysteries to me, some of you, for I seem to be losing my senses. Stewart Roscoe coming in with Walter, whom we had been made to believe guilty; and Cecil Dupre, *the intended husband of my daughter, under arrest!* Stay! Jarvis, it is you that have gone mad!"

"Not a bit of it, sir," replied the officer, collectedly. "Bless you, I've known it all along. I've had my eye on that young lady, too, to save her ere it should be too late. I traced one of these bank bills to this nice young man here unmistakably this morning, and going to his room in his absence, I found a dozen of them in his desk. His agent, who has been passing them, is under arrest, and has confessed. I owe Mr. Ward here an apology, and should like to hear him say that he accepts it. The means I adopted were the only ones to acquit him in the end, for, bless us, Mr. Dupre would have burned the precious money a dozen times rather than not have fastened the stigma upon him."

"I—I am well nigh bereft of my own senses," stammered Walter, and as he glanced toward the graceful figure of the young girl, whose face was still averted, he added, "I am very sorry."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jarvis, "we need not intrude longer. And as our prisoner is somewhat unruly"—for Cecil, still foaming at the mouth, was tearing at his bonds—"we had better take him where he can't hurt anything."

"One instant," said Stewart Roscoe, in stern anger, as he walked up nearer the prisoner. "Tell me—you, who are another shame to my race—are you guilty of this thing?"

"A curse on you!" howled Dupre. "It was your miserly meanness, and that of Philip Danvers, that brought me to it. When, instead of giving me my position in the world as a gentleman at once, you placed me on a level with store-boys and sweeps to earn a pitiful salary. See what comfort your rusted coffers will be to you now!"

"Disgraced as you are," returned the old man, bitterly, "I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that they have never been opened to sink you yet lower in a life of infamy, as a free expenditure of money would have helped you to do; and that I have rescued this young girl here from a fate worse than any death—I care not what."

"For which you, as well as officer Jarvis here, will have my undying gratitude," replied Mr. Leslie, rising and shaking hands with Stewart Roscoe. "And, my friend, you have my warmest sympathy."

"The crimes of my brother drove me into exile once," he replied, bitterly, "and this fresh disgrace will banish me again; but not until I have endeavored to assist my old friends as best I may. I have many things to talk to you about, so, officer, remove your man at once."

And Cecil Dupre, being led out at the door, gnashed his teeth in rage on seeing Rochester Leslie extend both hands, in humble apology, to Walter Ward.

And Walter himself, clasping them in his own, lifted his heart in sincere thankfulness to heaven for the numberless preservations vouchsafed to him in all the trying difficulties of his truly eventful life.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### LOST AND FOUND.

And poor broken-hearted Maude found rest at last—the final rest that remains to those who, through much tribulation, study the ways of righteousness, and are found therein.

Abandoning the last earthly refuge that she possessed, for the sake of the misguided man, whom all these years of separation and suffering had never enabled her to forget; and of the son, who was dearer to her than life, she had gone forth with him alone, where their record should henceforth be with the short and simple annals of the poor.

In a remote quarter of Brooklyn she had obtained the cheapest lodging she could find, and had taken a couple of the humblest rooms to be had. They had brought with them but little money, only that which Mr. Danvers had forced St. Julian to accept as the just remains of his salary. And, with the most economical living, that had run quite low, when she fell ill, so ill as to require a doctor, medicines and attendants.

With no letters of recommendation, and no references, St. Julian had wandered about the streets from day to day "looking for business," and finding none, until a hopeless melancholy had settled upon him, which, perhaps, first seen by his mother, and grieved over in secret, had helped to bring on her own sickness.

And now, how she struggled to bear up for his dear sake—her darling, beautiful boy, whom she scarcely recognized as the same bright, joyous youth, who had always come in to her with a laugh in the old days! But she spoke hopefully to him still, and hushed the moan of pain that arose to her lips as she lifted her feeble hand to his curling hair; but he answered only with a kiss, and then averted his face.

There were many days and nights of this; and then, with her cheek pressed to his, she told him the secret the doctor had confided to her some time before—that she must leave him very soon.

He interrupted her with that cry of anguish, always so terrible from a man's lips, and clasping his arms about her wasted form, entreated her, as the tenderest of daughters might have done, to remain with him, and comfort him by her presence, or he too must die.

He had inherited much of his mother's disposition, and his tender eyes never left her face until her own were closed, one calm, still evening, upon him and the things of this world forever, to be opened, ah! blessed be God! where there shall be no more dimming of vision by the scalding tears of sin and sorrow, that gush forth ever along our weary pilgrimage here.

And St. Julian, rising up with set, stony face, spent his last dollar in the coffin that shut out her idolized form from his sight, and uttered no further plaint; even when he heard that old, old sound that yet never loses its terror—the falling of the clods upon it.

As he went back to his room alone, the landlady whispered to her friends down stairs how heartless the people of this generation were becoming, for she could not remember the death of her own dear mother even now—though it had been thirty years ago—without shedding tears; tears of the heart, perhaps, for there were none upon her cheeks at present. But she sprang up with a cry of alarm, when, the report of a pistol sounding through the house a few moments later, some one called out that it must be the bereaved young man, for "they had seen that his face had worn such a strange expression all day."

Yes, under that old charge of dishonesty, which he still supposed unjustly clinging to him, and his mother taken away, the world seemed so dark to him, that he had sought to close his eyes upon it, as she had done, forever. And when they went up they found him lying quite senseless across the floor, with a dark stain of blood staining its bare surface. They lifted him gently to the bed, for such manifestation of crushing sorrow had touched even those narrow, worldly souls; and a surgeon was called up in eager haste. White and all unconscious he lay while his wound was dressed, and then the hushed and darkened room was very still, but it was not deserted.

The ball had escaped the heart by a miracle, the surgeon affirmed; had passed through one lobe of the lungs, and if it had not entered the spine, might have left a bare chance for his life; but he shook his head ominously, and rather thought their watching would be over in a few hours.

More than a few days and nights went by, however, and St. Julian still lay extended upon a hard couch, his body bandaged about, and his waxen face lying back upon the pillow, very like his dead mother's had done. But he still lived on, and after other days and nights were gone, some show of consciousness began to return; and when he once more opened his eyes, a wan smile lit up his face, for he knew enough to fancy that there were old friends about him; that a white-haired man with intensely sorrowful face, and a beautiful girl, whose lightest touch would send the little blood that was left him surging through his veins, were watching by his side, or stealing softly about the room.

The murmur of the sea came in to him, too, and he fancied he was drifting out aboard the East Indiaman with Walter Ward, and that there was a peaceful sense of enjoyment in his friendship as of old. The only grief he seemed to feel was, that among all those loved faces he never saw his mother, though he was ever calling on her, while they tried to pacify him with the assurance that she was coming anon.

"Coming anon!" Do we ever reflect, ere the hand of bereavement smiles on us, how terrible, beyond all afflictions, is *Death?* Do we realize, that when it has claimed our loved ones—though they may sometimes come back to us in the baseless fabric of a vision—the dull, dull consciousness returns like that murmur of the sea, when we awake, to tell us of the dark waters that divide us from that far-off country, whither they have gone? We see them; we speak to them; we hold them as our very own, in the never satisfying realms of sleep; but oh, they never, never come back to us more, in the pilgrimage of our real everyday life, where our atonement might be made.

When the watchers had grown sick with hope deferred, he murmured audibly in his sleep, woke up, and looked intelligently about him.

"Dear Walter, is it true?"

"What, St. Julian?"

"Have my feet indeed passed over the dark waters upon which your earthly ship was wrecked? And are we together in the realms of the blessed at last?"

It was, indeed, Walter Ward who bent over him.

"Together, St. Julian," he returned, with the old, cheery ring in his voice; "and may it long be so, ere our earthly pilgrimage is ended."

There were some moments of silence, and St. Julian spoke again, with an effort, his pale face darkening with the old shadow:

"How is it, old friend, that you stand it?"

"Stand what, dear boy?"

"The false charges made against you. I could not."

"Your innocence and mine—if we were ever really suspected—has been established, St. Julian, beyond all doubt. The missing money has all been found, in possession of the real culprit."

"And he is——"

"Cecil Dupre."

"I felt assured of that long ago, Walter." He closed his eyes wearily, but soon opened them again. "Does Mr. Danvers know——"

"All, St. Julian, weeks ago. And in his eagerness to find you he has suffered much. But we could gain no clue until your letter was sent."

"The one I laid on the table there, when——"

"When you attempted the unpardonable sin that has already cost you and us so much sorrow. You will have much to repent of, St. Julian."

"I know it, old friend. I see now that I must have been mad. But it is too late. The unknown is all out there, and—and its waters are coming over me even now."

Walter saw that he was relapsing into unconsciousness again, and quickly held a glass of stimulants to his lips.

After a time the poor, wan face turned toward him once more.

"Did he forgive this last act when he found me innocent of the other?"

"He has been here almost constantly, St. Julian, and will come again as soon as you can bear it."

"I should like it to be very soon. I shall be easier when I have told him how thankful I am for all his goodness, as my mother was to the end."

"When you have promised to tell him absolutely nothing, I will admit him," answered Walter, firmly. "You are commanded not to talk. He is just outside now, and you are unwilling to keep him waiting, I know. Will you promise?"

There was the very ghost of a smile once more on St. Julian's face as he looked up, and the next moment Mr. Danvers stood beside him; resting one hand almost caressingly upon his white brow, while the other shaded his own half averted face, and his voice was painfully shaken with emotion.

"If you would prove to me all that I know you have felt, St. Julian, and if you have any sympathy for my own bitter sufferings, be still. There are others as tenderly interested in your recovery as I am."

"No one but you and Walter now, sir."

Walter did not hear this, for he had already left the room.

"You are mistaken, dear boy; poor Violet." He noticed the flush, like a sunset cloud, that lit up the pale face, and paused in alarm.

"Ah! sir, what of her? She was once good enough to tell me that she believed me all I knew myself to be."

"She, too, is here, and will, I expect, have something else to tell you, when you are a good deal stronger."

"Dear, dear Mr. Danvers, that will never be. And I think I should die happier for seeing her face once more, if she, that was so grandly, proudly beautiful, could condescend so much."

"She is under more obligations to you than you could ever, ever be to her."

And it was Violet Lowe's voice that spoke through her tears—Violet Lowe's bewildering beauty that dazed his weak eyes, and deprived him of consciousness again. She passed her white arm under his head, and Mr. Danvers put the glass quickly to his lips; but the waves were surging over him again, and from unconsciousness he lapsed into a long sleep. When he awoke, which was not until the next day, she was still there, and her eyes sought his face with a pleading earnestness that almost broke her heart.

"Miss Lowe, it is worth death to see you here. The last pulsation of my heart will be vocal with thanksgiving."

"St. Julian," she whispered, and her own countenance was suffused with a supernatural glow; "you have awakened my slumbering heart to the fearful perils that have encompassed me. You told me once that you loved me, and though I was, and am still so unworthy, can you repeat it now?"

"A thousand and a thousand times, until voice and consciousness fail me, until heaven only knows with what tide and tumult of my soul. It is bliss to die thus."

He had closed his eyes, but Violet, bending over him, recalled him to life with the touch of her lips upon his brow.

"You have my whole—whole heart, St. Julian."

His pale hand closed over hers with a tender, but oh, such a feeble pressure. And he lay thus in the rapturous stillness, until Mr. Danvers came in; and after a little, Walter, with the doctor. The latter was alarmed by the patient's great and continued prostration.

"Dear Violet!" It was a day or so later, and St. Julian's pulses throbbed tumultously, as he called her by name. "I have something to say to you!"

"What is it, my heart's own?"

"Ah! that emboldens me to ask, and as it is the last request I shall ever make of you, you will not mind. Or you will, please, think that my brain is wandering."

"I shall be but too happy to hear and obey you, St. Julian."

"Then it is this. Be my wife for the few hours, or even days, that may be left to me. It will be such a blessed thought, to think that this beautiful hand has been made mine by the laws of God. I have nothing to leave you as a widow—not even a name as honored as your own; but could you take it for my sake, until you are free to bestow your dear heart upon some other, perhaps worthier than I?"

"The world could not furnish the last," she sobbed. "But I should proudly bear that name to the end."

Mr. Danvers coming in just then, she repeated to him St. Julian's request, and declared that she would have it so. And Walter Ward being admitted into their confidence, went out with an unusual softness in his fine, manly face, and returned with a minister of the gospel.

There were no grand preparations, no cloudlike draperies, or orange blossoms. Only a quiet, simple service, amid the tears of those who could whisper no congratulations; and they were declared "man and wife," whom "death alone could put asunder."

Does that free her—watching, prayerful and tearful; while the comers and goers whisper of her, "Poor, young thing."

In the mercy of heaven, no.

By slow degrees his charmed life came back; and the doors of Philip Danvers' house were once more opened to admit a newly wedded couple.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### THE STORY OF MIRIAM DANVERS.

Caspar Lenox's breath came quick and hard, as he went up the old stairway, back into the room where he had gone to find the woman he had been forced to call "mother," dead and unconfessed, and locked himself in. He had no idea that he was hungry and fatigued and ill. He remembered only the man he had left dead in this last effort to thwart him, and the grinning, shrunken skeleton of the once beautiful woman, whose last taunt to him had been, that "she had made a wreck of his life," and that she would "bury with her" a secret that he would give half his life to know; the secret that would reveal to him the true story of his existence; for the power was hers to point him to *his real father*, whose millions might purchase oblivion for every dishonor; while his punishment should be to perish in the wretched obscurity of his present life.

True to her oath, she had died and made no sign; while he, goaded to desperation by the thought that he had been born for a position he would never fill, had, with the singular idea of discovering it still, undertaken the deed which had brought upon him the imputation of a horrible crime, for which the punishment of the law had been visited upon him. And now, after all these years, again braving the horrors of a felon's doom, he had dared to accomplish that old design, with the single and seemingly forlorn hope of finding some buried confession of the secret at which she had hinted—a hope for which he had no firmer foundation than the whim of her benighted mind, when she had declared that she must be buried *with the pillow she had made placed beneath her head.*

The Danvers opal now glittered upon his hand, as he tore away the foul and rotten covering of this pillow, and beheld indeed a number of stained and worn papers, as they fell about him on the floor.

He uttered a low cry, as he eagerly stooped to gather them up. His head seemed to be turning round and round, and he had a sickening fear as he drew nearer the lamp, that they might be too illegible to read.

He started as though a pistol had been fired in the room, when he had opened the first scrap of paper that he chanced to pick up, and found it *in his own hand*, one of the idle effusions he had addressed to Miriam Roscoe in the days of their youthful, half flirtation, as he had regarded it, before his meeting with Leonora Danvers.

Wondering still how these idle notes came to be there, when he had supposed that she would have spurned the very dust from his feet where he had walked before her, he seized more eagerly upon a larger folded manuscript; and opening at the first page, uttered another cry as he found it a sort of biography of Miriam Roscoe's life.

The Danvers opal flamed up with tenfold brilliancy, as he drew the lamp yet nearer and began to read.

The story commenced at a time when she felt that the evil passions of her wretched and turbulent life had consumed her very vitals, and that her earthly career must speedily close. She was racked by a guilty conscience; but this should be the only confession she would ever make, though the doom of condemnation should await her in the world to come. For, if the love of her youth had been stronger than life, stronger than death, stronger than the fear of eternal judgment, so much the more was the bitter hatred of her maturity intensified seven-fold, by the fires of the furnace of sin and shame. And Caspar Lenox had been the object of the first, as he was likewise of the last, to the exclusion of every other wish or hope in life, until it was too late for her to return.

The reader dropped the manuscript, for a moment, while a look of bewilderment and dismay overspread his darkened face. Of all the motives which he could ever have conceived this would have been the last.

*She*, Miriam Roscoe, had loved *him!*

Disregarding, even in his youth, the superior personal attractions which he had possessed, he had less of the natural vanity of manhood than one in thousands, and he paused to ask himself what might have been the result, had any suspicion of the truth ever crossed his mind, in the earlier years of their lives.

The writer then went on to state how her heart had been given to him in their early acquaintance, before Leonora Danvers had dared to cross her path; and how, from day to day, she had listened with beating pulses for a first avowal from him, until one evening, she had learned from his own lips his love for her hated rival. Then it was that the *devil*, which she had never afterwards been able to exorcise, had taken possession of her being; and on *bended knees she had sworn to be revenged, though that revenge should lead her to a scaffold in the end.*

She had sought out Leonora Danvers, and finding her but a simple, pretty girl—shallow and frivolous like the majority of fashionable young women—she had found this part of her task easier than she had counted.

Arnold Leslie, better fitted in mind and person to captivate the fancy of a giddy girl, had been introduced into their circle; drawn, it was reported, by the sprightly beauty of Miss Danvers' governess, the daughter of a poor Portuguese refugee, Nina DaCosta. Arnold Leslie had in reality already become involved in pecuniary embarrassment; and it was an easy matter to excite at once his vanity and cupidity by pointing to the young beauty and heiress as one already strongly prepossessed in his favor, and whose wealth could place him beyond the possibility of care for the future. There was nothing more natural than for him to become in truth an ardent lover, for Leonora had inherited the far-famed Danvers beauty, and the marriage had been speedily consummated. But what was her own dismay and indignation, when she received a brief communication informing her that Caspar Lenox, for whom she had undertaken her former treachery, and who had also left, had likewise taken with him—*a wife.*

To follow, to overtake and punish him, it was necessary that she, too, shall be encumbered with a husband, and Louis Dupre, the young French dragoon, presenting himself at the time, she had, with without a moment's hesitation, taken upon herself the fearful obligation of marriage. And one week later her husband *was ordered to Egypt.*

Here, after a little, the splendid society and universal admiration which her beauty elicited, absorbed her attention, and caused her, for a time, to forego, though not to forget, her former vows of revenge. She had speedily discovered what a fatal step her hasty marriage had been, and how readily she might have secured to herself great wealth and position had she but been content *to bide her time.*

Then followed a candid confession of her utter weariness of her moneyless and jealous husband, and her determination to free herself at every hazard from such hateful bonds.

She gave a brief account of her attempt to betray him into the hands of the enemy—of her effort to render his wound fatal, and of her pretended elopement with Captain Gordon. Her meeting with Eugene, when her first husband was divorced and confined in a madhouse, and her determination to marry him were next introduced, with the startling announcement that "*she had shot his uncle, George Danvers, with her own hand, lest his disclosure of her mother's history to Eugene would forever break off the match;*" for she, Miriam Roscoe, was the daughter of Mary Dessieux, widow of a French officer, and formerly the disgraced and divorced wife of Philip Danvers.

This secret had been confided to her for the first time at her mother's dying bedside, when the latter had introduced her to her grandmother, old Mrs. Crowley, who had reared Caspar Lenox from his youth.

The eager reader paused to take breath again.

Miriam Roscoe was the granddaughter of Elizabeth Crowley, or Mother Crowley, as she has been known to the readers of this story; was she then related to Caspar Lenox?

Before answering this question we must give the story of Mrs. Douglas Roscoe, as Miriam had introduced it in her narative, which likewise reveals the history of Caspar Lenox.

STORY OF MARY HOUSEMAN.

Many years ago, the widow Houseman, a woman of dubious reputation and small means, lived in an obscure portion of the city of New York, renting rooms and occupying them with her only daughter, Mary Houseman, a young woman of remarkable sprightliness, vivacity and beauty. Their income was so exceedingly limited that Mary, who had little or no education, sought and obtained employment with Madame DuChattel, a fashionable milliner, with a salary of $5 per week. Mary's beauty and grace being quite a recommendation in the eyes of the madame.

The girl was always punctual, deft and tasty, and was esteemed a jewel in the establishment. Madame DuChattel began, however, to fear that her new employee might not remain in her service very long, as she would observe quite a number of young men waiting for whole hours about the door for a single smile from the girl's red lips. But these were quite an ordinary set of fellows; and Mary would turn up her divine little nose in supreme contempt of them all.

One evening, however, as Mary went out to return home, she found the snow falling very fast, and when she discovered that she could not keep her parasol above her new and becoming bonnet, without letting her pretty bonnet dip about in the filth of the street, she began, mentally, to abuse the good-for-nothing "loons," who were always in the way when the sight of them was an offence to her eyes, yet were nowhere to be seen on the only occasion in her life when she could have any possible need for them.

Quickening her pace, then, that she might be indoors again as speedily as possible, she ran against a young man who was muffled in a superb fur cloak, and uttering an exclamation of fright, let fall a box which she carried in her hand.

The gentleman, looking into the pretty face, laughed and stooped to pick up the box, while he brushed away the snow and mud, with the finest and most delicately perfumed of kerchiefs. He was profuse in deprecation of his own awkwardness, while Mary, blushingly declared it all her fault; and the gentleman, to settle the matter, raised his silk umbrella, which he had but that moment stepped into a store to buy, and entreated so earnestly to be allowed to see her home, that Mary had not the heart to refuse.

As he walked gracefully at her side to her own door, bearing the obnoxious box, Mary had ample opportunity to observe that he was exceedingly handsome, splendidly attired, easy and elegant in manner, and, in short, quite above the young men of her acquaintance.

At their parting, he asked her name; which she faltered out, fearing he would think it quite common, and drew off his glove to shake hands with her. As he did so, she observed *a blazing opal ring upon his finger*, for she had not unfrequently seen smaller ones worn by the fashionable customers of madame; and her own hand trembled as he held it.

That night she dreamed of the distinguished stranger, and was unusually quiet all the next day. About the third evening afterward a young man sauntered in to buy a scarf of madame. He had seen it hanging at the window, was his excuse, and Mary turning, flushed to the roots of her hair on recognizing her escort of a few evenings back. He remained quite a time, chatting with madame, brought several seemingly useless articles, and went out. Yet, as Mary left for home a while later, he chanced to be coming up the street again, and greeting her with a chivalrous compliment, begged to see her home, on account of the lateness of the hour.

At the gate he laughingly told her that he must charge her for his protection, and catching her pretty face suddenly between his hands, kissed her ruby lips.

Mary was preparing to appear very angry, but the young man was already gone, and she went up to her room vowing to tell the young man what she thought of him, if they should chance to meet again.

The opportunity was not slow in presenting itself; but he called her a "silly child," and seemed really so grieved at her distress, that he was easily pardoned. These interviews were more and more frequent, and alas! the kiss had been repeated quite a number of times, when he told her, one evening, with visible agitation, that he should never see her again, as he was to start on the morrow quite away across the ocean.

The girl looked up with such a white, tearless, but agonized face, that the young man's heart, unless it was made of stone—and it was a very susceptible heart, then—must have been deeply touched, and he kissed the rosy lips again and again.

"I wish you were rich and distinguished, or I poor—I don't care which—that you might go with me, little beauty," he said, in good faith, at the moment.

"If I had the money I *would* go," she replied, desperately.

"Oh," returned the young man, smiling sadly at what he considered only a pretty piece of impetuosity, "the money isn't the thing. I have rather too much of that—more than we would be likely to throw away in all our lives."

This young man, we may inform the reader at once, was *Philip Danvers.* Among all the queenly belles of fashion who had bestowed evident marks of favor upon him, not one had touched his heart with half the power that Mary Houseman, the simple little milliner's girl, had done.

It was only by a resolute effort to save himself from some disagreeable entanglement, that he accepted his father's proposition that he should cross the ocean on a foreign voyage.

He had been a day at sea, with a look of positive wretchedness upon his handsome face, when the figure of a girl among the steerage passengers attracted his attention, and, drawing nearer, to his astonishment he recognized *Mary Houseman*. She *had not had money enough for the cabin passage, and had paid her way here.*

Philip Danvers, supposing at once that she had been sent by Madame DuChattel questioned, but with eager interest, and the girl looking up with a flash of her great eyes told him that she had run away, and had come to follow him to the ends of the earth—she cared not where.

Philip Danvers took her out of the low company she was in, and secured her a stateroom. He was desperately in love, and he had all the Danvers honor in his nature.

*He spoke to the chaplain on board, and made her his wife.*

Her beauty, and the refreshing *naivete* of her manners, continued to hold him in thrall. He was exceedingly anxious that she should present as creditable an appearance as possible when he should have to present her to his haughty relations, and, for this purpose, he employed the most accomplished masters to instruct her. But her really unstable nature was spoiled by her good fortune, and she grew querulous and ill-natured over her fancied grievances, complaining of the retired life they were leading, and demanding that she should be introduced into society at once.

Perhaps Philip Danvers was beginning to realize the truth of the old adage, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," but he put the best face upon his domestic troubles, and still hoped for the best, until he returned home one day to find that his wife had eloped with her French master, Leon Dessieux.

There followed a period in the life of Philip Danvers which the biographer would pass over as speedily as possible, a period of agonizing shame and utter wretchedness, beyond the power of language to express. Pride and reason came at last to his rescue, and he at once instituted a suit for divorce.

While it was pending, his dishonored wife, accompanied by her mother, who had now joined her, threw herself at his feet, and implored him to receive her back. She reminded him that but for his clandestine attentions she would never have left her home, and affirmed, with the most passionate protestations, that her love for him had returned with tenfold ardor, and that henceforth she would be his slave through life.

It is needless to say that he repulsed her with chilling disdain, telling her that he desired in a wife only an equal, as he had hoped to make her, before her disgrace, and that a policeman should take her in charge if she ventured to intrude upon him further.

This is the true version of the affair, in the language of the author. But Mrs. Houseman and her daughter, fancying their own wrongs most grievous, left him, swearing direful threats of revenge.

The divorce was obtained, and the liberal Frenchman gave the beautiful young woman, who had become his mistress a second time, the name of wife. M. Dessieux lived but a short time, and died, leaving his still attractive widow in the possession of a handsome income. In less than six months more the widow Dessieux had become the wife of Douglas Roscoe.

In the meantime, Philip Danvers, having received a false report of her death, had married Evelyn Bridgewater, a young English lady of noble family, who lived less than a year, and left him the father of an infant son.

A responsible nurse was required for the child, and Mrs. Houseman, who had been watching her opportunity, applied for and obtained the position, while the bereaved husband had gone on a tour to the East.

During his absence, the supposed child of Philip Danvers was consigned to the Bridgewater mausoleum, while the real son and heir was secretly conveyed to a distance by Mrs. Houseman.

Years passed by, and Philip Danvers had again become a husband, his home being once more the scene of perfect domestic happiness, gladdened by the presence of golden-haired little Eugene, when, by chance or design, he never knew which, he encountered Mrs. Douglas Roscoe, and learned that the former betrayer of his happiness still lived.

While hesitating, in the bitterness of his anguish, whether he could have strength to impart this terrible secret to his beloved wife, a letter in her handwriting was handed to him. Mrs. Roscoe had told her all, the wife stated, with words all blurred with tears, and, as she could not conscientiously remain with him while this woman lived, she had left for her father's home. While in the anguish of this separation, Philip Danvers had received anonymous communications, hinting to him that his first child had not died, but had been conveyed to a distant city by the agents of Mary Houseman's mother, to be reared, in poverty and shame, away from all possible knowledge of his proud father.

In stern anger Philip Danvers sought out Douglas Roscoe's wife, but she positively denied all knowledge of the matter, and left him with the unsettled conviction that this had only been a weak subterfuge of her mother, who had married a man named Crowley, and of whom, in consequence, she had heard nothing for a year or so.

In the meantime Miriam Roscoe was growing up a beautiful girl. Her father had fallen disgraced under the sentence of the law, and her mother lay on her death-bed, when she first met her grandmother, Mrs. Crowley, and with her Caspar Lenox.

When the mother learned that Miriam had given her heart to Lenox, while he had scorned her love, and become the husband of another, she revealed to the daughter the true story of the young man's name and position, and made her swear a solemn oath to live but to be revenged on the *whole hated Danvers' race.*

While Miriam, wife and mother, still planned her remote chances of overtaking the so-called Caspar Lenox, Eugene Danvers, the young son and confessed heir of the great house, fell in her way, and she formed the bold design of revenging her own and her mother's wrongs by becoming his lawful wife, and the undisputed claimant of his proud name.

Her wonderful attractions had seemed to render this means a certainty, when she had freed herself from her bondage to Louis Dupre, until a message had come to Eugene in her presence, stating that his uncle, George Danvers, desired to see him early on the following morning. Then, at length, despair, such as she had felt when Philip Danvers had gone to fulfil his appointment with Captain Gordon, had taken possession of her, and, wild with anxiety, she had detained Eugene until a late hour.

When he had gone, she enveloped herself in a long cloak, and going out, turned in the direction of the house in which the man who was to betray the dark secrets of her life on the morrow lived alone with his retinue of servants. As God was to judge her, she had had no definite aim in going. She had taken a pistol in the folds of her dress for her own protection. As she had wandered about the house in the agony of despair, a light from an open window attracted her attention, and she had crept up to look in.

An old man sat at a desk reading, and, to her utter astonishment, just inside the curtain, stood, of all men in the world, Arnold Leslie. George Danvers, looking around, had recognized the despised husband of his daughter, and sprang up to start toward him, when, quick as a flash of lightning, something whispered to her that *now was the time to save herself.*

*No one had seen her, and, in the confusion that must follow, she could readily escape as she had come. Lifting her hand, then, steadied to perfect strength of nerve by the nearness of rescue, she had fired, and, waiting long enough to see George Danvers throw up his hands and fall across the floor, she had fled unobserved back to her own lodgings.*

A week from that evening she was privately married to Eugene Danvers, and had the proud consciousness of knowing *she* should reign in queenly dignity over the household, where Caspar Lenox, as elder brother, should have been the confessed heir, had he not been stolen in infancy by Elizabeth Houseman Crowley, and reared in utter ignorance of the name he should legally have borne, for he, Caspar Lenox, was indeed and in truth the lost child of Philip and Evelyn Danvers, as the papers of her mother accompanying this document, and the jeweled amulet, with the Danvers' coat of arms, and the date of the child's birth, who had been christened Eustace, would abundantly testify.

In fulfilment of her oath to her mother, these papers had never been destroyed, and, while she had determined to append her own confessions to them, she had arranged that *they should be buried with her*, where there would be no hope of their discovery, at least during the lives of any who had known her, until Eustace Danvers, the first hope of that hated house, should sleep unknown and unhonored in an obscure grave.

* * * * * *

When the miserable, hunted outlaw had finished this strange story, desperately reading on to where he saw himself boldly affirmed to be the lawful son of the great man, of whose power even he had always felt a secret awe, to whose house he had crept as a criminal by night—when he knew that Leonora Danvers had been his cousin, and Eugene, brave, chivalrous Eugene, *his brother*, he started up with a wild cry, throwing his hands—his hands, all dishonored with imputation of crime, and upon which the opal of his mighty ancestors flashed—above his head, in an agony of shame, remorse, and thanksgiving.

The child—his child! Oh, God, *could* this be true!

Something like a conviction of *mercy* over all, caused hot tears to fall at last, thank heaven! upon this woman's confession, as he tottered forward, crushing the old papers to his bosom, and, seeing the broad light of day shining without, went into the street once more, and made his way, with a vague, numbing sense of drowsiness creeping over body and brain, into Philip Danvers' house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN THE BUSH WITH THE BUSH-RANGERS.

BY G. G. J.

I had been for some time in the corps of rangers in Australia, and getting tired of the comparatively humdrum life, I exchanged into the —— Mounted Police, whose sole duty it was to track the bushrangers, and bring them to justice. This promised more excitement, and I was delighted at the prospect, while the man with whom I exchanged seemed much pleased to have an opportunity of a little lighter work.

There is no mistake about the danger of the work; I can scarcely imagine anything much more hazardous. It is almost difficult to believe that they are men, with whom these police have to do—they are so often like fiends.

But by far the most dangerous and vicious portion of the community of bushrangers is made up of escaped convicts. These are, as a rule, reckless, desperate, and abandoned men, who will not shrink from committing a murder if they only think that there is a chance of even a nugget. Their motto seems to be "kill," and they always carry it out. In dealing with such desperate characters, necessarily some circumspection is required; consequently they are always hunted and captured by a number. They exist in large bands all over the colony, but they are in greater numbers at, and around, the gold fields; while if hard pressed they will visit the townships and plunder and kill.

At the time at which the following adventure took place, we were not actually on the track of the bushrangers, but we were simply traveling from one station to another. We got deep into the bush on the first day, and encamped for the night in a most romantic dell, which seemed just suited to the purpose. Whether it were the effect of the long day's journey, or the effect of sundry potations of spirit "above proof," to cure the sad fatigue, I know not; but at all events the men who were to watch by our fire in turn during the night, fell asleep at their posts. We were awoke by hoarse cries, and on arousing, we saw at least twenty dusky forms standing round with pointed weapons and scowling faces. We saw that it was no use to contend against so many, as we were but eight in number.

"Yield, or you are dead men!" cried one, who seemed to have the command over the others. "Bobus, take their weapons!" to a rough demon, who immediately relieved us of our "barkers." We were then bound and laid on our backs, and told to "go to sleep and make the most of it, for it would be our last." To sleep under such pleasant circumstances was impossible, so we feigned slumber and lay anxiously awaiting the daylight. It seemed to be an hour after our capture, when six more bushrangers joined the party, in a state of high and rough glee, for they had just robbed a well-known prospector, and, from what they said, had murdered him.

"What is that, Bill—blood on your ripper?" cried one. "Yes, the old rip was game, so we nobbled him," was the reply. They then began drinking deeply, and soon became half mad, when they relapsed into heavy sleep. At daybreak they began to move. We were blindfolded, and the whole party began to march. We went on for two or three hours, when they stopped, and the bandages were taken from our eyes. They had halted in a deep ravine, on one side of which there was a fearful precipice. The bushrangers then seemed to consult for a few minutes, and after that the captain addressed us. "Well, boys, your game's up, so prepare for death; we give you five minutes to say what prayers you know, and square up." Saying this, he drew out a watch and placed it on the ground before him. The horror of those five minutes will never be forgotten. I seemed to try and fix my thoughts, but failed; my whole life seemed to rush before me like a vision, and my heart seemed ready to burst with thoughts of home and those I loved best. Such moments as those are enough to unhinge the stoutest heart. It seemed but a moment, and the captain took up the watch. "Time's up," he cried. The bushmen then seized four of our number, and tied a rope round each man, blindfolded each one again, and swung them all four over the precipice, making fast the end of the ropes to a stake firmly fixed in the ground. Thus they hung dangling in mid-air. At a word from the chief a light was applied to the ropes, which, being damp, burned but slowly. They then dragged us off, and shouting hoarsely to our unfortunate comrades, bade them "hold tight till they dropped," and told them not to "fall too heavy." We were taken several paces on, and soon we heard the cries of our comrades as the burning rope gave way—and they fell; then all was still.

"Now your turn, my lads!" said the head demon, and we four were again blindfolded. "Kneel down, you young cubs!" and we heard the tramp of some men to a little distance off. "Cock your rifles!" was the cry; and we heard the ominous click of the locks. "Make ready, present! one, two, three—fire!" shouted the captain. A report followed, and I expected to find myself riddled like a colander.

"Missed them, by ——!" cried the chief, apparently in a rage; and then the awful preparation was again gone through. "Fire!"—and again there was no result. I waited a long time in an agony of terrible suspense, and no voice was heard, and nothing happened. Hours must have passed, and we still lay bound where they had set us, not daring to move. At last I found that the ropes that held me were not very strong, and with a concentrated effort I snapped them. In another moment I had torn the bandage from my face—and lo! no one was visible. I turned to my comrades and unbound them. The fear and delay had been too much for one of them to bear—he was dead; fright must have killed him.

Our lives appeared saved as by a miracle. We then bethought us of our companions who had been hung over the cliff, and I could not help having a lingering hope that they, too, had been saved in some way. We rushed to the precipice, as we imagined it to be, and what was our astonishment and surprise to find that it was no precipice, but merely a drop of a few feet; in fact, our comrades must have hung within a foot of *terra firma*.

There they were rolling on their backs on the ground in a very undignified manner, and, beyond a bruise or two, they were unhurt. We soon made them as free as ourselves, and we all proceeded on our way to the next station, marveling much as to our escape, and mourning over our lost mate. We buried him in a quiet spot, and the tall fern waves over his grave. It seemed the only solution of the mystery that the bushmen were really afraid to do us any harm, knowing that the whole colony would be up and after them, if they meddled with the queen's officers. As they are not always so particular, this puzzled us much, but we were heartily thankful to have escaped so easily from the ruffians, though it must be confessed that they had given us a bit of a fright.

Thus it will be seen that a bushman hunter's life, though having its pleasures, has by far a greater proportion of dangerous business; and when it is considered what horrible characters they have to deal with, it seems wonderful how any one can be found ready to enrol himself among them; but I suppose danger has its charms to others besides your humble servant.

## ECCENTRIC WEDDINGS.

Some few years ago a somewhat picturesque procession might have been met in one of the most densely populated parts of London. It consisted of a dozen couples, headed by a newly married pair, who were returning from the church in which the wedding ceremony had been performed. The members of the procession were profusely adorned with artificial flowers, the men wearing garlands round their hats, while in front of the bride and bridegroom marched the father of the bride triumphantly carrying something like a small May pole. Upon inquiry it appeared that both husband and wife, as well as their friends, were artificial flower-makers. On another occasion the clergyman was astonished at finding an old tin coffee-pot forming a prominent object in the wedding procession, which slowly marched down one of the aisles toward the chancel. Still more astonished was the worthy minister when, the wedding ceremony over, the whole of the party knelt down and, with the antiquated coffee-pot in their midst, sang a hymn of thanksgiving. At first he began to have grave doubts respecting their sanity, but a few words of explanation speedily set his mind at rest. It appeared that after the death of the bridegroom's father, a man of most eccentric habits, no traces could be discovered of some money which he was known to have secretly saved. Unwilling to marry his sweetheart until he was enabled to provide a home for her, the son determined to proceed to America to seek his fortune, and with that view began clearing out the few articles of furniture left him by his father. Among these was an old coffee-pot, which he kicked contemptuously from him. In so doing the lid fell off, and a sovereign rolled out. This led to an examination of the contents of the despised utensil, which was found to consist of bank notes and coin to the amount of nearly £200. Of course, there was no more talk of going to America, and, as for the coffee-pot, it became regarded as a precious heirloom.

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An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues, and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

## FACETIÆ.

High time—A church clock.

Drawing-room—A dentist's.

Shades of night—Window curtains.

The place for proof-readers—The house of correction.

The Vermont legislature offers a bounty for ursine scalps, which provides many of the inhabitants with a bear subsistence.

Two boys were standing before a cigar store, when one asked the other:

"Have you got three cents?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have got two cents. Give me your three cents, and I will buy a five-center."

"All right," says No. 2, handing out his money.

No. 1 enters the store, procures the cigar, lights it, and puffs with a good deal of satisfaction.

"Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2. "I furnished more than half the money."

"I know that," says the smoker; "but then I'm the president, and you being only a stockholder, you can spit."

THE COQUETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Just as the candle flickers when swept past,
But to grow brighter for the transient blast,
So passing fancies sway my love for thee,
Only to fan it into more brilliancy.

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

What potent words are these for thee to wield,
My joyous fears have almost fled the field;
But one still struggling will not suffer rout—
"What if some gust should blow love's candle out?"

Canada's Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, has given to the Dominion people a new by-word, which has spread with electric rapidity from one end of Canada to the other. On his voyage out, being called upon by the immigrants to address them, he alluded to this phrase, which had grated harshly on his ears:

"He had the misfortune of having too many children."

Lord Dufferin said:

"I remarked that perhaps no better idea could be given of the difference between the old country and their new home than by the fact that, whereas in England a struggling man might be overweighted in the battle of life by a too numerous family, in the land to which they were going a man could scarcely have too many children. Here I was applauded lustily, with a cheerful accompaniment of laughter, when I was further greeted by an approving thump on the back by a stalwart young immigrant, who cried out:

"'Right you are, sir! That's what I've been telling Emily!'"

The Canadians have got up the slang phrase:

"That's what I've been telling Emily!" having had the anecdote made familiar by going the rounds of the newspapers, and now one hears everywhere:

"That's what I've been telling Emily!"

## OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor Saturday Evening Post, Philada.]

ANAGRAMS ON AUTHORS.

1. U Sue go lug a great ass.
2. We seen a dog major.
3. Beer with cheese or tart.
4. An odd bear Mr. Y.
5. I'll cowskin Eli.
6. Show'r o dry men.
7. R 'ad a rum stew.
8. Ogre I got eel.
9. Another ton Polly.
10. No elk marm.
11. Sal N's cheeky girl.

Klarinska.

NUMERICAL WORD PUZZLES.

1.

A hundred, five, one, nought, and an E,
You often may hear, but never can see!

2.

One thousand, two fives joined, nought, and A N,
Is the choicest of blessings given 'mong men!

3.

Fifty, a five, one, nought, and E,
Is the emblem of peace to both you and me!

4.

Two hundreds, a fifty, a nought, and a K,
Is seen by most people, at least once a day.

J. G. Penny.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 8, 10, is a vehicle.
My 2, 6, 4, is a pronoun.
My 3, 5, 6, is a liquor.
My 4, 9, 11, is a curse.
My 5, 3, 8, is a profession.
My 6, 11, 7, is a river in Germany.
My 7, 3, 8, is a tool.
My 8, 3, 10, is a terror.
My 9, 5, 11, is a city in Germany.
My 10, 9, 6, is a shrub.
My 11 6, 8, is a cry.
My whole is the name of a boy musician in the United States army.

Fort Totten.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 30.]

**Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 24, Vol. 54**

Double Acrostic.—Albany. Hudson.

Double Rebus.—

L as H
O ratori O
Y am P
E agl E

Transposed Fishes.—1. Sturgeon. 2. Haddock. 3. Halibut. 4. Whiting. 5. Porpoise. 6. Dolphin. 7. Whitebait. 8. Lamprey. 9. Sardine. 10. Sand smelt. 11. Flounder. 12. Red mullet. 13. Sea dace. 14. Gilt head. 15. Sharmuth. 16. Spotted dog-fish. 17. Miller's thumb. 18. Father lasher. 19. Flying gurnard. 20. Gudgeon. 21. Bull trout.

Curtailments.—1. Coral, Cora. 2. Fire, fir. 3. Hope, hop. 4. Plume, plum. 5. Punt, pun. 6. Sire, sir. 7. Spite, spit. 8. Teal, tea. 9. Tine, tin.

## A DAY IN THE MOON.

A lunar day comprises a period of twenty-eight days like ours. We are familiar with the sublime spectacle of the sunrise upon the earth—that wondrous transformation with which the glories of the night dissolve into the glories of the day; when the watch stars close their holy eyes as the timid blush of morning kindles the eastern horizon; when the tide of light flows in to fill the celestial canopy, and when, as a climax to the changing scene, the glorious sun bursts open the gates of the morning, and proclaims himself the lord of the day. How fearfully different is the vision of a sunrise upon the moon! No gentle transition from darkness to light, no imperceptible melting of night into day. From an horizon dark as moonless midnight the sun slowly ascends—a lurid ball of brightness, infinitely more dazzling than it can appear to an earthly eye, gilding the summits of the lofty mountains, and causing these to start forth like islands of light in a sea of darkness, while their bases and surrounding valleys are shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Slowly the silvery flood of light pours down the mountain flanks, and the shadows, still of pitchy blackness, slowly shorten as the sun, after the lapse of one hundred and seventy hours, attains its meridian height.

If we look aloft to the lunar heavens we behold the stars, though at noonday, with a steady lustre, unsullied even with the effect of twinkling or scintillation, for these phenomena are due to the varying currents of an atmosphere. For fourteen days the sun pours down his fiery rays upon an arid soil never sheltered by a welcome cloud, never refreshed by a genial shower, till that soil becomes heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water. Gradually the shadows lengthen and the sun declines, but no crimson curtain of evening closes around the lunar landscape, and when the last rays of the setting sun are lost beneath the horizon, no twilight intervenes, but a pall of fearful darkness falls upon the scene. And then succeeds a long and dreary night of three hundred and twenty-eight hours' duration, and a severity of cold that reduces the lately parched surface to a temperature probably three hundred degrees below the freezing point of water.

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Advice.—Be loyal to the nature you bear; consecrate your lives to every good and noble work; faithfully labor for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own life with sunshine and happiness.

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Delicacy of Feeling.—The best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiæ of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but we have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

---

All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

SKIN DISEASES.

For RED, WHITE, and Matterated PIMPLES, Black-heads, Flesh-worms, ACNE, and SYCOSIS, use Perry's COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy, the GREAT SKIN MEDICINE. It is HARMLESS as water. For MOTH-PATCHES and FRECKLES use PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is perfectly reliable.

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## The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

"Everything is fashionable now-a-days, isn't it?" naively writes to ask us, one of our young correspondents. Truly we would not be far wrong were we to say in reply, "Yes," for such seems the case.

Early in the season we noticed the unusually wide liberty accorded the followers of the fickle dame, and then we prophesied the happy results likely to arise from such privilege. And we think our friends must agree with us, that it has turned out as we said. At no season do we recall seeing a greater variety of costumes, or more artistic designs. You scarcely see two hats or bonnets exactly alike either in shape or trimming. It used to be a painful thing to an artistic eye to note the repetition of one shape or one style of costume that met the glance at every turn upon our fashionable thoroughfares. Now we see costumes with long overskirts, short overskirts, full and scant ones, sometimes none at all; yet all elegant and bearing the unmistakable stamp of "la mode" upon them.

A most charming carriage and reception costume was shown us the other day which we will describe.

It was of dark plum-colored velvet, made with a long, full train. The back breadths were trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce of plum colored faille, a shade lighter than the velvet. The velvet itself was cut in three deep scallops at the bottom, each scallop surrounded by a band of feather-trimming of a shade to match the faille; the silk flounce referred to was put on under these velvet scallops, giving a very stylish effect. The front and side widths were trimmed with bias pieces of the faille, put on longitudinally, and crossed at regular intervals by strips of velvet laid on diagonally. These biases do not extend to the bottom of the skirt, but stop about a foot above it. A band of the feather-trimming, laid in scallops, is placed below them. The back is caught in a bouffante just below the waist, under which is tied loosely a velvet sash, edged with feather-trimming. The basque is tight-fitting; longer on the hips than at the back or front; slashed at the sides and back. It is simply piped around with the faille, except the opening on the hips, which is trimmed with the feather band, similar to that upon the skirt. The sleeves have a bias piece of the faille on the outer seam, like that upon the front widths; and an open cuff or frill of the velvet, cut in small scallops, piped with faille, under which is placed another frill of faille, pleated; a band of feather-trimming is placed above this double cuff or frill.

The hat meant to accompany this elegant toilette, when used for a carriage dress, was of faille and velvet. The crown soft, puffed, and of the faille; the rim of velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed about the edge with a feather ruche. Two tips, one falling across the crown, the other drooping over the back of the hat, and a trailing spray of double violets with green leaves, completed the hat. It was odd looking, but like all French designs, in perfect harmony, as regards color, with the rest of the costume.

An evening dress of two shades of blue pleased us well. It was also without an overskirt.

The color of the dress proper was of a faint shade of blue, touched with gray. It was made *en traine*, very long. The back breadths were laid in the double box plait with which our readers are now familiar. Large double bows of deep Marie Louise blue, lined with the pale-blue gray, were placed down it at regular intervals. The front and side widths were trimmed with seven upturned folds, reaching as far as the knee. These folds were held in place by strips of the dark-blue silk, down which were placed bows similar to those at the back, only smaller. Two wide bias pieces of silk, the dark-blue lined with the light, were gracefully looped from side to side across the front, fastened under the double plait at the back, and caught on the left side in a sort of rounded point or festoon by two bows of the light shade of blue, lined with the dark.

The corsage was a low-necked basquine, with a berthe of the dark silk, and bows of the same on the shoulders; a bias band of the dark encircled the skirt of the basquine, which was rather long, and rounded in shape. Beneath this was placed a knife-blade pleating of white crepe lisse, which also encircled the berthe, the short sleeves, and the neck.

A tiny white bird was placed upon the breast, instead of the usual bouquet. A similar one was placed among the puffs and curls of hair, high up on the left side, giving the prettiest possible effect.

Long white kid gloves, and pearl jewelry, were worn with this unique costume. Imagine it upon one of our charming *spirituelle* blonde beauties, and think what a sensation she would create.

A plainer costume for morning wear next attracted our fancy. It was of mauve-colored cashmere, cut gabrielle, and lined down the front with pale-gray turquoise silk. A quilted bias of the same was placed outside; also, forming the pockets, cuffs to the sleeves, and collar for the neck. Large crochet buttons of mauve-colored silk were placed down the front on either side, and looped together with a silken cord of mauve and gray silk, twisted together.

A coquettish little cap of the Charlotte Corday pattern, encircled by a mauve and gray ribbon, which fell in long streamers at the back, was worn with this simple yet pleasing morning *neglige*. These caps, by the way, are extremely popular, and are worn by very young married ladies, as well as by those who are more matronly and advanced in years.

Among the pretty things for the little folks we noticed a suit of maroon-colored serge, combined with gray camel's hair cloth. The underskirt was of the serge, made quite plainly, simply laid in deep kilt plaits, and trimmed with bows down the left side.

The overdress was of the camel's hair cloth, cut in the form of a loose polonaise, lined with flannel, so as to be worn without any additional wrap. It was trimmed about the edge with gray chenille fringe, and buttoned down the front with gray, crochetted buttons. It was looped high at the sides, and belted in by a wide, full sash of maroon-colored gros grain, which was tied behind in loops, the hanging ends being fringed out to the depth of a finger and a-half.

A maroon-colored felt hat turned up before and at the left side, the rim edged with a ruching of gray ostrich feather trimming, while a tip of gray and a wing of mingled gray and maroon were placed at the left side, completed this stylish little suit.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ALLIE AND KATE.**—Yes, we can purchase the pink coral sets for you. It will be much worn this winter, and is equally becoming to blondes and brunettes.

**ANNIE McR.**—Silver fox is one of the most expensive furs. It is very elegant for trimming, but quite beyond the reach of ordinary purses. There is an imitation known as gray cony, which is quite pretty and not very expensive.

**ANXIOUS.**—A pearl set, or pearls and amethysts combined, would be very appropriate jewelry for you, as you are still in mourning. Your friend was right; it is not customary for a lady to wear a bridal veil but once, and that is at her first marriage ceremony.

**MRS. ANNABEL R. M.**—The shade of blue, known as "peacock blue," is still very fashionable. We advise you to trim your costume with bands of peacock feather; not that part of the feather that has the "eye," but the greenish blue fringe below it. It is rather expensive, but not more so than genuine fur trimming, and very stylish.

NIXON.

## COMPLEXION AND COLOR.

The selection of colors suitable to the complexion is a matter that is too often neglected, as well as the contrast of harmony or color, which is another point to which sufficient attention is not given.

Women may be divided into two classes, the complexional distinction of which is brunette and blonde, or dark and fair. The former may be described as having black hair and dark eyes; the other light hair and blue eyes.

If we take the trouble to study what colors best assort with the hair and complexion, we shall see that they are those which produce the greatest contrast; thus, sky-blue accords well with blondes, as do also delicate greens. If, however, the red predominates over the rose in the complexion, dark green is preferable to light.

Rose-red cannot be put in contrast with even the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Maroon and light crimson have the serious disadvantage of rendering the complexion more or less green. It is necessary, then, to separate the rose from the skin in some manner; and the simplest way of doing this is to edge the draperies with a border of tulle, which produces the effect of gray by the mixture of white threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it; there is also a mixture of light and shade, which recalls the effect of gray. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than the latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them, in consequence of contrast of tone.

Delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without disadvantage. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy.

Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green. To brunettes, on the contrary, it is becoming.

Blue imparts orange, which combines favorably with white, and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is thus suitable to most blondes. It will not, however, suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

Lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it.

Very light white draperies, such as muslin or lace, appear more gray than white. We must thus regard every white drapery, which allows the light to pass through its interstices, and which is only apparent to the eyes by the surface opposed to that which receives incident light.

Black draperies, by lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are somewhat distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to the same drapery redder than if not contiguous to the black.

---

THE INVISIBLE CHILDREN.—It is not when your children are with you; it is not when you see and hear them that they are most to you; it is when the sad assemblage is gone; it is when the daisies have resumed their growing again in the place where the little form was laid; it is when you have carried your children out and said farewell, and come home again, and day and night are full of sweet memories; it is when summer and winter are full of touches and suggestions of them; it is when you cannot look up toward heaven without thinking of them, or look down toward yourself and not think of them; it is when they are gone out of your arms, and are living to you only by the power of imagination, that they are the most to you. The invisible children are the realest children—the children that touch our hearts as no hands of flesh could ever touch them.

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HOW TO CALCULATE OUR AGE.—There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and what we have suffered, that makes us old.

---

THE richer the man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

### HAND-IN-HAND TOGETHER.

BY ELSIE.

When evening o'er the cloudless sky,
Hath spread her star-gemm'd canopy,
We ramble forth, my love and I,
Hand-in-hand together.

And as we slowly onward rove
(Scarce heeding where), by field or grove,
We breathe our vows of mutual love
Hand-in-hand together.

We fondly trust in future years
To share each other's hopes and fears,
While traveling thro' this "vale of tears"
Hand-in-hand together.

Oh! while we wander here below,
In health, or sickness, joy or woe,
May we be ever found as now,
Hand-in-hand together.

And when our term on earth is o'er,
And worldly things can charm no more,
Oh! may we gain the eternal shore
Hand-in-hand together.

## SAVED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

Between the stations of Merwith and Duncan, on one of the great Canada railways, is a stretch of country so wild and unpopulated by man as to have all the characteristics of the wilderness. Only the level iron way, over which at intervals rush the trains, gives any sign of civilization.

The shriek of the locomotive is sometimes answered by the howl of the frightened wolf, and again the great shuddering echoes sweep through the forest, with not the slightest sound from any living creature to reply to them.

A ride over that portion of the route to which I refer gives one a singular sense of isolation. It seems as if the train were lost in the wilderness.

Like a tunnel the forest opens before, and, if it be summer, the green gloom of the bending trees makes a mystical twilight of the brightest noon.

It was *not* summer when I last journeyed over the road—it was dreary winter, with a sullen, gray-clouded sky, from which snow was just beginning to fall.

My traveling companion was a gentleman named George Conway, whose acquaintance I had formed some weeks before in Quebec. He was a most genial and entertaining companion, of high character and excellent position—in fact an official of the Government of the Dominion.

As we entered the forest after leaving Merwith station, he said to me:

"This region was the scene of a thrilling adventure to me a year ago, an adventure that came near costing me my life. I will relate it, if you choose to hear it."

"I should be interested to, indeed," I replied, my face, I doubt not, expressing my desire as much as my words.

"Well, then, I will proceed, with this preface: We will come to a cleared space after awhile, and I will manage to make the interest of my story culminate at that juncture, for it was at the spot in question that my rescue was effected. Had there been no break in the line of wilderness, I think I would not be riding here with you to-day. My bones would be scattered somewhere ahead in this dark wood."

He paused, and looked out of the car-window, shudderingly.

I waited for him to resume, my interest becoming almost impatient. He soon went on:

"I chanced to be in the little hamlet of D——, some miles to the north of us, having gone there to ascertain some facts in relation to a legal matter with which I was occupied.

"But that is unimportant.

"I was delayed beyond the time I had expected to stay, for it was necessary to await some developments.

"Time hung rather heavily on my hands, and to relieve the monotony of my sojourn in that dull winter hamlet, I resolved to make an excursion into the surrounding country in search of game.

"Wild creatures of various kinds abounded; but I cared little what was to be started, if I could only get a shot. Wolves were occasionally to be met with, I was informed, but they were cowardly by day, and I proposed to myself to return long before night.

"The possibility of meeting with one of these animals and slaying it was a pleasing one to me, the excitement and triumph would be something new.

"Accordingly one bright morning I set out.

"I was armed with a rifle and hunting-knife, both borrowed for the occasion.

"I had a splendid tramp, finding my dinner at a woodman's hut, and spending a couple of hours with him, resting after my morning exertions. He volunteered to accompany me back to the hamlet, but I declined his offer, for I imagined he was more anxious to go to his work, which I had already sufficiently interrupted.

"I had found little thus far upon which to try my skill as a marksman. A few birds, a squirrel or two—lured out of their winter quarters by the bright sunshine—were about all I had seen in the shape of game.

"I began to fear I would miss my morning's promised triumph over nobler denizens of the wilderness.

"The hope of such an achievement grew less and less as I proceeded 'homeward.'

"But suddenly a noise in a thicket to my right aroused me.

"I looked quickly up, and to my astonishment — both joyful and chagrined—I caught a glimpse of a deer speeding away from the covert from which I had startled it. Of course, I fired—I was just excited enough for that—but I might as well have hoped to hit a meteor.

"Then I rushed on, not exactly in pursuit, but to see, if possible, where the beautiful creature went.

"I caught a second glimpse of it, curving to my left, and then disappearing.

"An insane idea entered my mind at that moment. I thought I might possibly come upon the deer again, if I were to—to—well, I believe my idea was to head it off.

"I had a vague notion that such a thing might be done—that started game, if pursued, would come around to its original covert, and thus give the hunter an easy shot.

"I thought I had seen something of the kind in books, but I was too excited just then to realize what a greenhorn I was.

"Of course you can guess what followed; the deer got away, and I got lost.

"Yes, *lost;* and the word began to have an unpleasant significance.

"The afternoon was waning; the treacherous sky, so brightly blue till now, suddenly became overcast with clouds, and the wind began to rise, with that peculiar wail that heralds a northeaster.

"Of course I couldn't be lost, I said, endeavoring to assure myself that I would soon strike my trail, made that morning, and then follow it back to the hamlet.

"But an hour's wandering convinced me that my situation was indeed a serious one.

"I fired my gun repeatedly, hoping that the reports would attract notice, and be answered.

"But only the awful echoes of the wilderness responded.

"I became greatly alarmed. If a snow-storm were to come suddenly upon me, as was now threatened, I would surely perish.

"I informed myself what a fool I had been, until I got tired of hearing it.

"Night began to shadow the scene, but I came upon a clearing or sort of treeless waste, and the approach of darkness was thus delayed a little for me.

"Again I fired my rifle.

"Hark!

"What did I hear in answer!

"No other shot, no human cry, but the howl of the animal which, by daylight, I would not fear, but which, at night, would be dangerous to meet, especially single-handed.

"Looking anxiously toward the further side of the open space, to my terror I saw a whole pack of swiftly-moving creatures, which I knew at once were wolves.

"I had found my game at last—or, rather, my game had found me.

"The creatures seemed to scent me, and they made directly for me.

"There were not less than twelve of them—a formidable number for a single person to encounter.

"In my terror I turned and fled, and, fortunately, as the result proved, in the right direction, for, to my momentary joy, I came upon the railway track, so near had I wandered to it.

"My joy was but transient, for the wolves pursued me, and if I could not keep them at bay, and no train approached that I could signal to rescue me, what but death would be my fate?

"I fired my rifle into the pack as they came howling toward me.

"One of their number fell dead, and the rest fell back.

"I reloaded hastily, for already they showed an inclination to advance again.

"Once more, as they came up, I fired, repeating this demonstration two or three times.

"But now, oh, horror! my ammunition was about spent! I had, perhaps, wasted too much in firing my signal shots.

"Night was now shadowing over the clearing.

"If any train were to approach, it might rush past without any one discovering me.

"I must reserve one shot, if possible, to discharge when I should see the train, if any could reach me in time.

"Oh, how anxiously I listened for the roar of wheels, the shriek of the whistle.

"Both came at last, and not a moment too soon.

"I fired my last shot just as the wolves were about to spring upon me, just as the head-light of the locomotive flashed from the wood.

"Oh, it was a glorious sight!

"Look from this window!"

I obeyed my friend's excited direction.

"There I stood!" he said; "just there, by that snow-covered mound that looks so like a grave! (Have I not timed my story well?" he interpolated with a smile). "Ah, we are by! but, picture my position!"

"I do, most vividly," I said.

"The engineer saw the flash of my gun—saw the wolves raging in front of me.

"One tremendous blast of the whistle startled even those savage creatures, that seemed to know that their prey must be seized soon, if at all.

"The train was stopped, I was taken aboard, and away we sped from the scene of my perilous adventure.

"Since that hour I have never heard the roll of approaching car-wheels, or the whistle of a locomotive, without a feeling of joy and thankfulness as I think of my rescue."

"I should suppose the reminder would, indeed, be very lively," I remarked.

"I look upon locomotives as my special friends," he continued, with a smile, "though, since that service done me by one of them, I have been pitched down a forty-foot embankment by another, yet my regard for them remains."

"Did you ever return to the hamlet?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, the next day. I got off at Merwith, and found conveyance from that point. I didn't try it alone again. My non-return to the hamlet had caused considerable anxiety on my account, and a searching party had gone to seek me. We met a number of the men, and signal-shots soon gathered the rest."

My friend had finished his story.

He lay back on his seat, and over the iron way we rushed with no further words for some time.

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IRISH WIT.—On one occasion the poet Moore—Tom Moore, of immortal memory—stayed one night in the house of Mrs. Blake, in a little village in Scotland. The lady troubled him all the evening to write for her an epitaph, and at length, to be relieved of her importunity, he wrote:

"Good Mrs. Blake, in royal state,
Arrived at length at Heaven's gate—"

which he gave her, saying he would finish it in the morning. He quite forgot his promise, and was already in his carriage about to drive off, when she came to the door with the sheet of paper he had given her, demanding a performance of his promise. "Oh, yes," said he, with a smile, "I'll finish it for you." And he did so, by adding:

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

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FATALITIES.—There are fatalities in the course of human life which carry us into far wandering paths, and into realms where, like Israel's children in the desert, we enter but to become bewildered and to regret, to mourn opportunity passed by without notice, and the career that brings upon the dark closing in of life, repentance unilluminated by hope, and sadness that joy never for a moment irradiates. What consolation is it that this is the broad way of the multitude, and that experience comes only when its benefits are unavailable?

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HALF the reputations for wit that pass current in fashionable life are based on ill-natured sayings of persons who would find it difficult to obtain any notice in society, except by censorious observations.

## Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

### SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, **$1.00**; six months, **$1.50**; one year, **$3.00**. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: **$2.50** each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

⁂ In ordering, the name, with Post-office address, County and State, should be plainly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

### CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

### PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

⁂ BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

### CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

W. E.—We have in hand one of the very best serials ever written by Mrs. Henry Wood, which we shall very shortly publish.

MARY ELOISE.—Yes, we can supply you with the paper you want, clubbing with the POST. 2. We will send you the novel you speak of, (Mrs. Southworth's,) on the receipt of two dollars.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—In the expression, a plum-colored silk, it is intended to express the color of what are ordinarily designated plums, a sort of dark bluish purple, the color of damsons, for instance.

J. C. M.—As the parents on both sides object to the intimacy between yourself and your lover, the best remedy we can advise you is to wait. You are both very young, and circumstances may occur in a year or two that will smooth over present difficulties, and render your courtship more pleasant.

OLD MAID.—*Nil Desperandum!* Though late, you may meet with a husband yet. No woman should ever despair until after fifty. If the old nursery story is correct, that "to every Jack there is a Jill," it ought to follow that for every Jill there should be a Jack, and perhaps yours is only loitering on the road.

J. P. N. (Springfield).—Frankly, we think you rather a foolish young lady. You evidently yielded too easily to the young man's civilities, possibly misinterpreted them, and so nipped in the bud what, with proper management, might have ended just as you wished. You will know better next time, but do not go to the other extreme.

MYRA.—It is certainly very wrong for you to carry on a correspondence with any young man while you are engaged to another, and the engaged one has a perfect right to object to such a proceeding. There are only two courses, one of which you must adopt, and they are either to abandon the correspondence or break off the engagement.

E. A. S.—The Aurora Borealis was by some believed to be a dew or vapor, frozen or solid, illuminated by the heavenly bodies, either directly or by reflecting their rays from ice round the pole. Halley, in 1714, conjectured it to be a magnetic phenomenon, and since that time Professor Faraday's discovery of the evolution of light by magnetism has proved that conjecture to be almost a certainty.

OPERATOR.—By what is called Wheatstone's Automatic instrument, ten thousand words an hour have been transmitted, equal to over six solid columns of the *Chicago Tribune*. One column of the *New York Tribune*, for instance, or fifteen thousand words, has frequently been sent between Washington and New York in one minute. This may seem almost incredible to you, but it is a fact for all that.

SENEX.—We know nothing whatever regarding the parties to whom you allude, but have not the slightest doubt whatever that their advertisements and proposals are only but another version, as you say, of the old song of

"Will you come into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly,"

which so frequently result to the great injury of the unwary who accept the apparently kind invitation and seemingly liberal offers.

BRASIN.—We cannot call to mind the poem you name. Will the following lines from Romeo and Juliet answer your intentions as regards your lover:

"O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

SOPRANO.—The distinction between a song, ballad, aria and cavatina, is primarily one of character. A song being generally of a joyous, a ballad of a mournful, or at least descriptive—narrative character. An aria is generally preceded by recitative, and is of greater length than the cavatina, which is almost synonymous with arietta, or short, aria. The rhythm employed in the ballad is usually very simple and well marked, without extensions of any of its periods. The song is somewhat freer in this respect, but less so than the aria, which often includes elaborate cadenzas, and to which the voice and accompaniment are *concertante*.

GIPSY.—There is an old adage which runs—"Marry in haste, and repent in leisure," and if you marry at sixteen we think that you are not unlikely to find out that there is some truth in it. Boys and girls have many passing fancies, and often believe themselves in love simply because they are pleased with the companion they have become acquainted with. True love, such as is most likely to last through lifetime, does not commence in females at so early an age, or in males before twenty-one. Until that age, both sexes are impulsive, and fancy that the shadow they see, and the romance they feel hovering over them, is the substance and the reality. We are strong advocates for early marriages, because we believe in their moral effect; but we set the period at which such unions should take place in the females at not under eighteen, and in the males at twenty-one or twenty-two at the earliest.

VALENTINE.—St. Valentine's Day is named after an early Roman bishop, who suffered martyrdom about the year 270, A. D. Previous to his time, the Roman feast of Lupercalia was celebrated in February, on which occasion, among other ceremonies, it was the custom to put the names of a number of young women into a box, which were afterwards drawn out by an equal number of young men, who thus gained their mates by a kind of lottery. The early Christians, in their endeavors to eradicate the old heathen ceremonies, changed the name of the feast into that of St. Valentine, and preserved only the custom we have mentioned as the least harmful. Centuries have passed since then, and the custom of choosing partners by means of valentines on the 14th of February still exists. Shakespeare makes Ophelia say—

"To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime;
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine."

MISCHIEF.—We expect that it is your "love of fun" that has placed you in the predicament you find yourself now in. You have encouraged the attentions of two young men without at first caring for either, just for the sake of extracting amusement from the natural jealousy that must animate them. You now find that you like both of them, and are caught in a trap of your own setting, for you do not know which to choose? The shortest way, of course, would be to marry both, but as the law will not allow you to do so, we advise you to try the doctrine of chances, and marry the one who should propose first.

ENQUIRER.—"What is the origin of the pawnbroker's sign of the three balls?" This sign was taken from that of the Italian bankers, generally called Lombards, who were the first to open loan-shops in England for the relief of temporary distress. The greatest of the Lombards were the celebrated and eventually princely house of the Medici, of Florence. They bore gilded pills on their shield, in allusion to the professional origin from whence they had derived the name of Medici; whence their agents in England and other countries placed their armorial bearings over their doors, and others adopted the sign.

EMMA G.—The history of Christmas Day is almost the history of the rise and progress of Christianity itself. It has been observed from as early a period as the nativity of Our Lord, and celebrated, not only by the religious ceremonies from which the name is taken, but by popular festivities of the most joyful kind. In many countries the celebration of Christmas begins in the latter part of the previous day, known in England as Christmas Eve. 2. The institution of Christmas boxes is undoubtedly akin to New Year's gifts, and, like it, has descended to us from the times of the ancient Romans, who at the season of the Saturnalia practised universally the custom of giving and receiving presents.

F. F.—Whenever a wife mentions to any person outside her family, or to any man, no matter how much of a friend he may be, that there is not proper harmony between herself and her husband, it is almost a certain thing that she is anxious to bring about a separation. So also when a husband goes about telling his friends that himself and wife do not live happily together, it means, in nine cases out of ten, that he seriously contemplates a divorce. The little troubles which come over the sky of wedded life like fitful clouds in the morning, will, in most cases, entirely fade away before night, if the husband and wife will each refuse to take any other living soul into their confidence, and try half as hard to be lovers as to be enemies.

EM.—The course of true love never "did run smooth," and you must not expect yours to travel as easily as cars on a railroad. Opposition is the salt of love, and makes the end, when attained, all the more enjoyable. Your mother is no doubt consulting your best interest in wishing you to break off the engagement, but you and your lover are yet too young to marry, and in a year or so he may so improve his circumstances as to induce your mother to withdraw her opposition. Follow out your mother's wishes for six months, and if at the end of that time your loves have not decreased, frankly tell your mother, and then she will most likely consent to your future union under certain conditions, which your lover, no doubt, will do his best to fulfil.

M. W.—Photography cannot be said to be an entirely new art. The effect of the action of light on chloride of silver was known in the sixteenth century, and was studied successively by Scheele, Senebier, Ritter and Wollaston, up to the commencement of the present century. Wedgewood, the great reformer of our china manufacture, wrote a paper on the subject, and was followed up by Niepce, in 1814, and Herschel, in 1819. Daguerre joined Niepce in 1826, and in 1838 plates by his process were produced. In the same year Mr. Fox Talbot invented the process of multiplying impressions from a negative, and took out a patent for the invention in 1841. Since then progressive improvements have been made, and the result is the high and perfect state of the art at the present time.

DAVY JONES.—"I should like to know the names of some of the largest steamships in the world, and also their dimensions, if you can find them out. It is to settle a bet with a friend." The six largest steamers in the world are the "Great Eastern," owned by the International Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, 674 feet long, 71 feet broad; the "City of Pekin," launched on the Delaware river, Pacific Mail Steamship Company, 6,000 tons, 423 feet long, 48 feet broad; the "Liguria," Pacific Steam Navigation Company, 4,820 tons, 460 feet long, 45 feet broad; the "Britannia," White Star, 4,700 tons, 455 feet long, 45 feet broad; the "City of Richmond," Inman, 4,600 tons, 453½ feet long, 43 feet beam, and the "Bothnia," Cunard, 4,500 tons, 425 feet long, 42½ feet broad.

B. S.—We trust that our present replies will be as satisfactory as the former. 1. Leap year is called the ladies' year, and is supposed to confer on them the privilege of making advances in a matrimonial way to the gentlemen; but the privilege is certainly "more honored in the breach than in the observance." 2. St. Valentine's Day is so named from a bishop, who was martyred in 270, and the custom of sending valentines is a relic of an old Roman festival held on that day, on which it was customary for young men to draw the names of young girls as their future wives. 3. The custom of making fools on the 1st of April is of great antiquity. It is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah, in sending out the dove before the water had abated, which happened on the 1st of April. 4. We never advise on this subject, the ingredients used requiring very delicate care.

A YOUNG INQUIRER.—The word telescope is derived from the Greek—*tele*, at a distance, and *skopeo*, I view. They are of great antiquity, having been employed in the form of long tubes, by the astronomers of Arabia, very many centuries since. Galileo has the honor of being the first modern inventor. He took his observations from the tower of St. Mark, and discovered the mountain ranges of the moon, and her glens, continents and highlands, alternately glittering with sunshine, and then deepening in shadow, as the variations of light affected the scene. This was in 1609. In 1668, Newton constructed his reflecting telescope, which he made with his own hands, and it is still preserved among the curiosities of the Royal Society. Galileo's telescope magnified three times, that of Newton thirty-eight times. In 1785, Sir William Herschel began to construct a telescope, forty feet in length, having a speculum four feet in diameter. It was completed in August, 1789; and, the first moment it was directed to the heavens, Saturn and his satellites were discovered. Fifty years afterwards, the Earl of Rosse constructed a colossal telescope possessing powers from 1,000 up to 1,600, and showed that what had been heretofore considered nebulæ, were in reality stars.

MISCELLANEOUS.—X. H.—The Crown Prince of Prussia is the son of the King of Prussia. W. BUDD.—The question of complexion is merely a matter of taste; your other question is entirely out of our power to answer. IGNORAMUS.—Can you tell us what caused the stains? We will then do our best to give you a recipe to remove them. E. J. B.—You are most certainly not bound to him, for he has failed to fulfil his agreement. Consult your own feelings and interest without any reference to his.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

## OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

### TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

**One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold** to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

**Seventy-five — $75.00 — dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the** second largest list;

**Twenty-five — $25.00 — dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the** third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.